

ADHS



JUNE 1948

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to the
Class of 1948*



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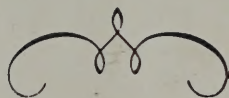
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Rockland, Massachusetts

THE ABHIS

VOL. XXIX

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THE ABHIS STAFF

Editor-in-Chief, Anne Shea; **Literary Editor**, Lois Galbraith; **Business Manager**, Jean Parsons; **Art Editor**, Joan Reardon; **Head Typist**, Willeta Mosher

Front row — Cynthia Sylvester, Edward Donnelly, Joan Reardon, Lois Galbraith, Anne Shea, Jean Parsons, Barbara Bochner, Willeta Mosher, Valeria Nabers

Second row — Jean Griffen, Barbara Moriarty, Edna Calderara, Sheila McKeown, Nancy Skinner, Jill Durland, Bridget Rumka

Back Row — Maureen Tobin, Barbara Gates, Marion Wilson, Jeanne Graham, Betty Collum, Barbara Blake

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Typing:

Art:

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Mrs. Carolyn Ferguson

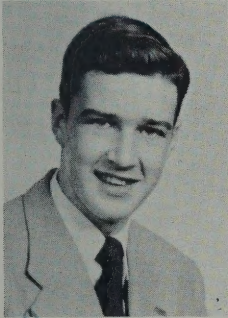
Miss Doris Wallace

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Freedom,
The Foundation
Of Peace.

CLASS OF 1948



WILLIAM KIELY
Retire at 40

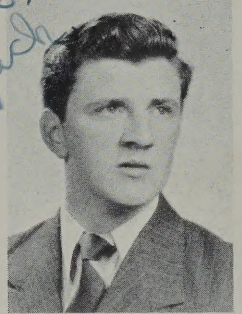
"Wit and wisdom are born with the man."

Baseball 1, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 3, 4; Class Play 4; Student Council 1, 2, 3, 4; President 4; Senior Class President.

JOHN SPILLANE
Doctor

"I ought to have my own way in everything, and what's more, I will."

Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4, Co-capt. 4; Glee Club 1, 2; Basketball 2, 3; Hockey 3, 4, Co-capt; Senior Vice-President.



JEAN PARSONS
Costume designer

"For never anything can be amiss, when simpleness and duty tender it."

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4, Sec. 4; Class Secretary 3, 4; Girls' Basketball Manager 4; Abhis 3, 4; Business Manager 4; Beaver 3, 4.



JOANNE PURCELL
Policewoman

"He that has patience may compass anything."

Class Play 4; Head Cheerleader 3, 4; Student Council Vice-President 3; Class Treasurer 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4.



DAVID ANDERSON
Professional Baseball Player

"More is thy due than more than all can pay."

Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; B. A. A. 1, 2.

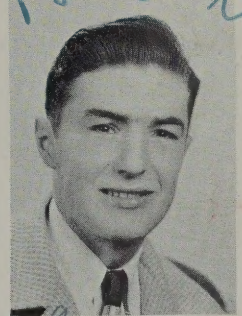


ROBERT BALL

Live a life of luxury

"Heaven helps those who help themselves."

Glee Club 1; Football manager 3, 4; B. A. A. 1, 2.



PATRICIA BLANCHARD
Interior decorator

"I hate nobody, I am in charity with the world."

Glee Club 1, 2, 4; Dramatic Club 3, 4; Abhis 3, 4; G. A. A. 2, 3, 4; Class Play 4.



JOHN BUSSEY
A wealthy man

"I did not care one straw."

Glee Club 1; B. A. A. 1; Class Play 4.



EDNA CALDERARA

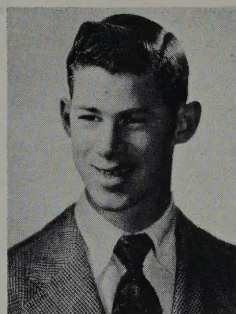
Play glockenspiel in
All Girl Orchestra

"Another flood of words! A
very torrent."

Class Play 4; Girls' Basketball
2, 3, 4; Abhis 2, 3, 4; Dramatic
Club 2, 3, 4, Treasurer 4; Band
1, 2, 3, 4, Sec.-Treas. 4.



*Be good,
Edna*

**PHILIP CAPLICE**

A wealthy man

"Time is the image of eternity."

Stamp Club 1; B.A.A. 2, 3;
Track 2, 3; Assist. Football
Manager 4.

*Katie - Have a
big fun & always
stay as nice as you
are*

EDITH D'AMATO

Secretary

"By a tranquil mind I mean
nothing less than a mind well
ordered."

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, Accompanist;
Library Club 1, 2; G.A.A. 1,
2, 3.

**MARYLOU DEVLIN**

Pilot on American Airlines

"At my work I was never sad,
I always had pleasure in it."

Girls' Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4, Co-
capt. 4; Cheerleader 3, 4; Class
Play 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4,
President; Student Council 1,
2, 4.



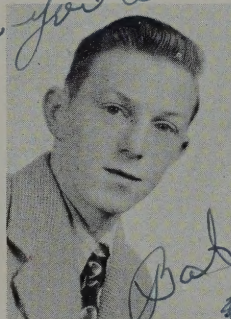
*Good luck
to you always*

ROBERT ELLIS

Have a chicken farm

"I courted fame but as a spur
to brave and honest deeds."

Glee Club 1; B.A.A. 1.



Bob

CORNELIA FLYNN

Traveler

"Silence sweeter is than speech."

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; G.A.A. 3,
4; Stenography Club 2; Library
Club 2; Beaver 4.



*Have lots of fun
in all your work
Cornelia*

*Kathy the cutie
Hope you graduate
soon -
Pete*

LOIS GALBRAITH

Lab. Technician

"If you are wise, be wise, keep
what goods the Gods provide
you."

Student Council 2, 3; Girls'
Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Honor So-
ciety 3, 4; Art Club 2, 3; Abhis
3, 4, Literary Editor 4.

**PETER GARDEN**

Boxing champ

"The mirth and fun grew fast
and furious."

Glee Club 2; Basketball 2, 3, 4;
Baseball 2, 3, 4.



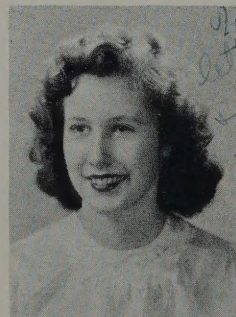
*No the cutie
let's girl who
love the talent
show
Jeanne*

JEANNE GRAHAM

Traveler

"Is she not passing fair?"

Band 2, 3, 4; Class Play 4; Glee
Club 1, 3, 4; Beaver 3, 4.

**BETTY ANNE GOWELL**

Successful model

"Talking is the disease of age."

Glee Club 3; Band 3.

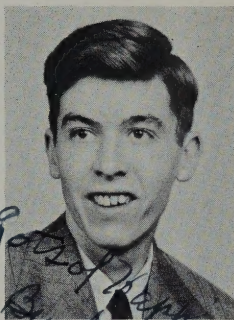
*Kathy
Good luck
always,
Betty Ann*

THE ABHIS

ELDREDGE GURNEY

To graduate
"Silence is gain to many of mankind."

B. A. A. 1; Glee Club 1, 2.



*Best of Luck
Happiness
Sister*

BERNICE HAMMARSTROM

Secretary

"A lovely lady garmented in light from her own beauty."

Glee Club 1, 2, 3; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3; Stenography Club 2, 3.



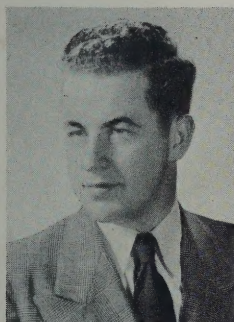
*Best of Luck
Love
Bernice*

WILLIAM HARPER

A business success

"I beseech you all—be better known to this gentleman."

Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Football 2, 3, 4; B. A. A. 1, 2; Glee Club 1, 2; Hockey 4.



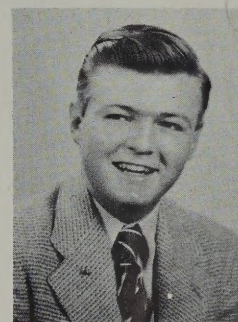
*Best of Luck on
your graduation*

FREDERICK HATCH

Live till the year 2000

"I am resolved to grow fat and look young till forty."

Football 1, 2, 3, 4, Co-Capt. 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3; Basketball 2; B. A. A. 1, 2; Glee Club 1.



JANE LEVENTUK

Fashion designer

"It is better to be out of the world than out of fashion."

G. A. A. 1, 2, 3; Art Club 1, 2, 3; Glee Club 1.



EDYTHE LINCOLN

Legal secretary

"Humility, that low sweet root. From which all heavenly virtues shoot."

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Typing Club 1.



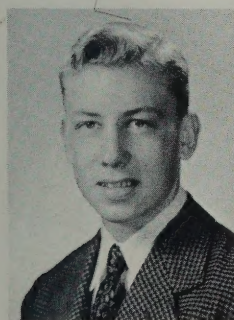
*Best of Luck
in the
future*

CHESTER MACKIEWICZ

An admiral

"A strong being is the proof of the race and of the ability of the universe."

Football 1, 2, 3, 4, Co.-Capt. 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4, Co.-Capt. 4; Track 2, 3; Glee Club 1, 2; B. A. A. 1.



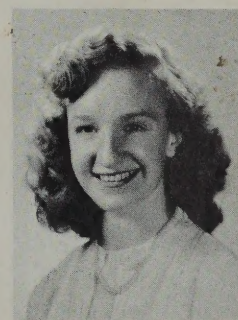
*Good Luck
Chester*

PAULINE MACKIEWICZ

See South America

"It is vain to dislike the current fashions."

G. A. A. 1, 2, 3; Glee Club 1, 2, 4; Stenography Club 2; Class Play 4; Dramatic Club 3, 4.



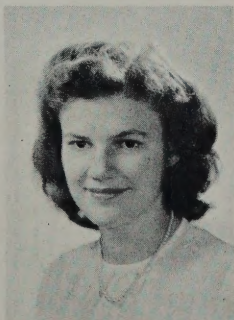
*Hope you make it in '51
Polly*

BERNICE MacPHELEMY

Secretary

"Diligence is the mother of good fortune."

G. A. A. 1, 2, 3; Stenography Club 2; Glee Club 1.



ROBERT McCUE

Commerical Artist

"It is through Art and Art only that we can realize our perfection."

Abhis 4; Art Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Play 4; Glee Club 1, 2; Dramatic Club 4.



*Kate
Best of Luck
Bob*

THE ABHIS

SHEILA McKEOWN
Nurse

"Truth is powerful and will ultimately prevail."

Dramatic Club 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4, Vice-Pres. 4; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Play 4; Abhis 2, 3, 4, Asst. Business Manager 4.



ROBERT MESERVE
A navy man

"With the swiftest wing of speed."

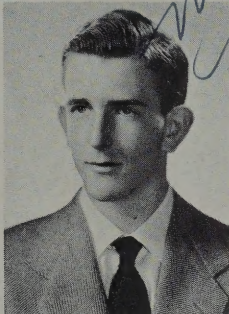
Football 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4, Co-Capt. 3, 4; Track 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2.



DONALD MOREY
Basketball player for Holy Cross

"I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men."

Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4, Coc-Capt. 3; Track 3, 4; Class Play 4; Student Council 3, 4.



WILLETA MOSHER
Executive secretary

"It is good to live and learn."

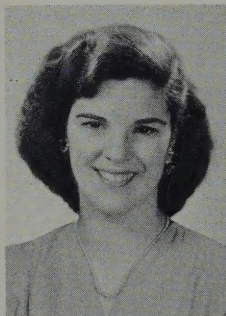
Abhis 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3.



JOHN MURRAY
Be a churchman

"All things come to him who waits."

Stamp Club 1; Glee Club 2; U. S. Army 3.



VALERIA NABERS
Artist correspondent

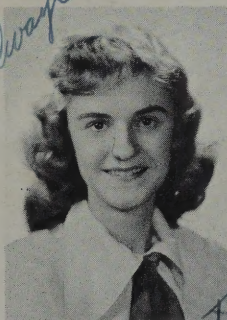
"I too, am an artist."

Abhis 3, 4, Art Staff; Science Club 1, 2, Treas. 2; Art Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Play 4; Dramatic Club 3, 4.

BETTY PARKS
Hairdresser

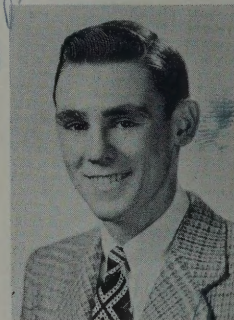
"Let me be blessed for the peace I make."

Glee Club 1, 2; Health Club 1; Stenography Club 2.



PAUL PATTISON
Chef

"The ease of my burdens, the staff of my life."
Football 2; Track 3; Glee Club 3.



THEODORE PEARSON
Draftsman

"I came, I saw, I conquered."

Glee Club 1, 2; Football 2, 3, 4; Track 2, 3; Freshmen Class Vice-Pres.; B. A. A. 1.



BETTY PRAIT
A good citizen

"True dignity abides with her alone."

Basketball 2; Glee Club 1, 4; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4.

JOAN REARDON

Doctor-in research
medical field

"Wisdom sits alone, topmost
in heaven."

Abhis 3, 4, Art Editor 4; Dra-
matic Club 3, 4; Debating Club
3; Science Club 1, 2; Math Club
1, 2.



ANNE SHEA

Legal secretary

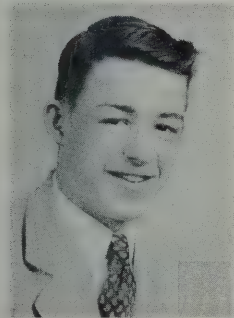
"Who mixed reason with pleas-
ure and wisdom with mirth."

Student Council 1, 2; Abhis 3,
4, Editor 4; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3;
Dramatic Club 2, 3, 4; Glee
Club 1, 2.

JOSEPH SKINNER

Pilot

"I laugh for hope hath happy
place with me."



NANCY SKINNER

Magazine illustrator

"She is pretty to walk with and
witty to talk with."

Art Club 2, 3; Beaver 2, 3, 4;
G. A. A. 2, 3; Abhis 4.

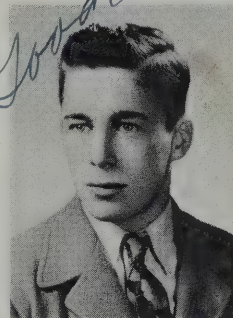


MARION SLINGER

Secretary

"Where there is more of sing-
ing and less of sighing."

Health Club 1; Glee Club 1, 2,
3; Stenography Club 2; G. A. A.
1, 2, 3.



ROBERT SPRATT

Owner of a big business

"No rule is so general which
admits not some exception."

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 1,
2, 3, 4; Football 1, 2, 3, 4, Co-
Capt. 4; Class Play 4; Glee
Club 1, 3, 4.

BARBARA STEELE

Design buyer
"The word for me is 'joy'."

Dramatic Club 2, 3, 4; Glee
Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Beaver 3, 4;
Debating Club 3; G. A. A. 1,
2, 3.

JACQUELINE STEVENS

Singer

"Her air, her manners, all who
saw admir'd."

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4, Librarian
4; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Class
Play 4.

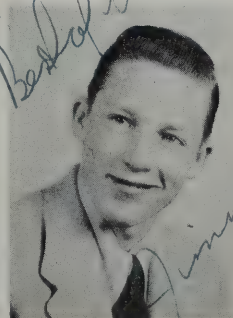
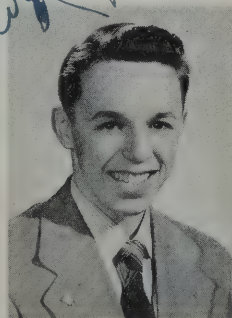


DAVID STOCKBRIDGE

Sea captain

"This most gallant, illustrate
and learned gentleman."

Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball
3, 4; Science Club 1, 2; Student
Council 4, Sec.-Treas. 4; Honor
Society 3, 4, President 4.



JAMES SULLIVAN

Electrical engineer

"He is a little chimney and
heated hot in a moment."

Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Track 2, 3,
4, Co-Capt. 4; Baseball 1, 2;
B. A. A. 1, 2; Hockey 3, 4, Co-
Capt. 4.

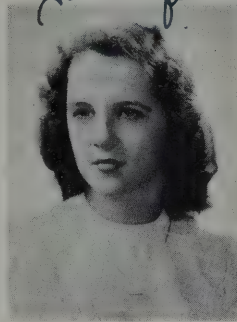
THE ABHIS

*Want 100 as a secretary
Job as a secretary
Cyr 148*

CYNTHIA SYLVESTER
Visit South America

"It would talk—Lord! How it talked."

Art Club 2, 3; Dramatic Club 2, 3, 4, Vice-Pres. 3; Cheerleader 3, 4; Abhis 2, 3, 4; Class Play 4.



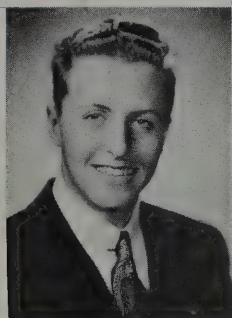
Let's look into the future - Pat

PATRICIA THOMPSON
Make a million dollars

"Sweet eyes, tender gaze."

G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2; Cheerleader 3, 4.

*Kathleen -
hope of Happiness
Joan*



JAMES TRIBBLE
Construction engineer

"Be patient. Our playwright may show in some fifth act what this wild drama means."

Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Track 3, 4; Class Play 4.

JOAN WARNER
Commercial Artist

"Individuality is the salt of life."

Band 1, 2, 3, 4, President 4; Dramatic Club 2, 3, 4, Vice-Pres. 4; Sophomore Class Secretary; Student Council 1; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, Secretary 2.

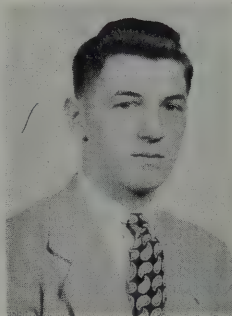


*Best wishes
Shirley*

SHIRLEY WHEATON
Pianist

"Can one desire too much of a good thing?"

Student Pen Staff 1; Glee Club 4; G. A. A. 1.



RICHARD WHITING
Business executive

"He laughs best who laughs last."

B. A. A. 2.

*Kathleen -
Best wishes
for all the success
in the future*

MARION WILSON
See the world

"Life is not life at all without delight."

Band 1, 2, 3, 4; Girls' Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4, Co-Capt. 3; Dramatic Club 3, 4, Pres. 4; Glee Club 4; Class Play 4.



RITA BROWN
Office worker

"An ounce of mirth is worth a pound of sorrow."

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Library Club 1; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3; Stenography Club 2; Typing Club 1.

*George Bussey
Best of luck*

GEORGE BUSSEY
Traveling salesman

"No chance is evil to him that is content."

Glee Club 1.

*Best of luck
Rita*

DONALD LIBBY
Trapeze Artist

"As secret and self-contained and solitary as an oyster."

Glee Club 1, 2; Track 2, 3, 4.

EDITORIALS

THE NEXT GENERATION

The young people today may wonder why we should be concerned about the next generation. We should be gravely concerned because the burden of whether or not we shall have another generation will soon fall heavily on our shoulders.

To elaborate more clearly I shall begin with the atomic bomb. This small, powerful missile was used for the first time three years ago on two cities in Japan. Within a small fraction of a second over a million lives were lost. Indirectly it brought about the end of the second World War. Will it bring about a third world war?

Now, three years later, much progress has been made on further development of this deadly object. Just how much is not known; but we can rest assured that time has not been wasted. One thing is known. That is that all this research has not been used to perfect a life-destroying bomb. The by-products of the atomic bomb are being used in medical research everywhere. At present, Boston has the most extensive program on work on cancer, goiter, metabolism, etc. using radio-active elements produced with the atomic bomb. They are used to trace the action and function of many organs in the body, and as a result of these experiments, many lives have been saved. However, many years will pass before this number will equal the number of persons killed in Hiroshima alone.

It has been predicted by authorities that Russia will have perfected her research and will have the atomic bomb in a very few years. Because of uneasy diplomatic relations between the United States and Russia, it is felt a third world war is not far away. Much is being done to avert such a horrifying catastrophe, but the method is questionable. The diplomats may hold personal grudges.

In a very short time we shall be the ambassadors and diplomats who will be making the decisions. Shall we be fit for the job? It will be our task to decide for either tranquil peace or an atomic war.

Now, we must investigate threatening situations, understand the facts, and acquaint ourselves with other people and their habits and problems.

Ignorance will lead us to make quick decision and drastic errors. With knowledge and facts concerning world conditions, we should be able to decide in the right manner how to obtain a peaceful world for the future generations of people.

JOAN REARDON, '48

CHARITY

A few months ago, while soliciting aid for the Red Cross, I chanced to meet many different types of people. All knew of the Red Cross and its value to mankind. No doubt some had received benefits from it. Yet, not all were willing to contribute money to the upkeep of this organization. In such cases most of the people made weak excuses. Were they justified? I say No. It is doubtful, when in time of need, if these same people, who withheld their money, would hesitate to receive aid from the Red Cross. Such an organization as this saves hundreds of lives in time of disaster by caring for the injured and supplying food and shelter for the homeless.

Not only the Red Cross, but other charitable organizations deserve the support of every person. How can anybody with human decency refrain from giving a small portion of his money to the sick and needy? It is these people, who have a low standard of living, that will follow any man who promises them wealth and luxury. This is easily proved in Europe today. The wretched people just want a government that will provide food for them; it matters not whether it is communistic or democratic. In order to preserve our kind of government we should help these down-trodden people.

Not everyone, however, refused to give. Some gave gladly and generously. They realized their obligation. To them, money is not their goal in life. They obtain a feeling of satisfaction from having invested it in something worthwhile.

We should all be thankful that some people have the initiative to start charitable organizations. Such organizations have certainly proved to be a blessing to humanity. The least that the rest of us can do is to give all we can to foster their growth.

"Faith, hope, and charity, these three: but the greatest of these is charity."

BARBARA MORIARTY, '49

THIS WORLD OF OURS

At the present time this world of ours is in quite a turmoil. A few of the controversial questions which keep us in this turmoil are politics, Russia and Communism, racial and religious discrimination, and the Civil Rights program. It is hard to sift the chaff from the wheat, but all people should ponder seriously all questions before rendering decisions and pray for proper spiritual guidance. The only solution of world problems is the true application of Christian

principles, and public opinion should be awakened to this fact.

In this composition I am going to focus attention on Russia and her ideas about running this world of ours with Communism as a basis. In the newspapers, on the radio, and even in books that were written and published before Communism caused so much trouble, authors have warned that we should watch out for the Russians after World War II.

In a recent newspaper one of the big headlines was "U. S. asks Rogata to act on Communism." The United States will have to watch out, for if Russia and Communism get into South America, our lives won't be worth a nickel.

About two weeks ago President Truman spoke to the whole nation and his message was of great importance. There was emotion in his voice when he told how Russia had broken most of the rules laid down by the United Nations. He urged that the United States act quickly and avoid another world war. President Truman suggested that all countries form a universal training course so as to be ready if war should come. His last words were, "And with God's help we can do it," meaning, gain world peace.

JOAN SCHMIDT, '50

DO WE WANT WAR?

Do we want war? My reply to this is, Why should we? We have everything to lose and nothing in reality to gain. After enduring a great world conflict, we are now readjusting ourselves to a peaceful world. The people of the world are reorganizing themselves amidst great suffering and privation, and certainly we realize that the countries of Europe are not in any condition to struggle again so soon. The result would be the division of the world into two great powers, one allied with the United States, the other with Russia; consequently, confusion and chaos would follow.

The idea of another immediate war has arisen partly from fear and exasperation and partly from the conviction that, since peace cannot be achieved by mutual agreement, it is possible for those desiring it to achieve it by force. We are extremely optimistic concerning our preparation for such a war. We consider ourselves practically invulnerable because of the possession of the atomic bomb. Our military experts, however, have no positive information concerning the extent of Russian knowledge of the atomic bomb, perhaps our ignorance is our bliss. Pointed out by Hanson Baldroin in an article in *The Saturday Evening Post*, is the fact that Russia's industrial areas are so deep within the country that they are not easily accessible. They could not be reached

within a few hours of darkness and would face considerable opposition from the Russian day-fighters.

War is therefore no solution to world order. Understanding and agreement are necessary. If these methods are not wholly successful, certain sections of the U. N. Charter could be invoked, whereby the sympathetic countries of the world would unite. Then, opposition by Russia could be to a degree overridden. Yet, we must not be unmindful of the dangers of another impending war, nor become too idealistic and overlook the preparedness of our powerful, neighboring nations. I am sure that with effort and sacrifice we shall succeed in keeping the peace.

ANNE TRASK, '50

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

In just a few years the present students of Abington High School will be going to the polls to cast their votes for their choice of men to govern and lead them. It is imperative that they use their reasoning powers to the best of their ability then, more than at any other time.

A nation is only as strong as its leaders. If, in the beginning of this atomic age, this nation uses the wisdom of the great men of today, we may enter the greatest era of all time. If, however, our leaders are not wise, the United States may lead the world into chaos. The rest of the world, now more than at any other time in history, looks to the United States for leadership. The leadership of this nation depends on the leaders of the nation.

Before any American citizen casts his vote, he should be completely aware of the policy or platform of his favorite candidate and party. Every citizen should listen not only to the candidate of his preferred political party, but to all of the other candidates. The American citizen should not only listen to the candidate, but understand him. Often a candidate masquerades his true meaning in several well chosen, well written sentences. Often the candidate stresses a favor of his speech, sets forth plans which will destroy the people's ideal. To keep the majority of the people from realizing this, he emphasizes, in a loud voice, several times the ideal, and then, in a moderate voice, he proceeds to tell the people who care to know what his platform actually will be.

The students of today realize the important role atomic power will play in either the preservation or the destruction of civilization. It is they, the coming generation, orite ideal of the people, yet in the progress who will be most affected by this great power. It is they who will have to decide what men shall control that power. If they

decide wisely, they will see the beginning of a brilliant new world; if they fail to decide wisely they will see the end.

VALERIA NABERS, '48

ENEMY AT LARGE

The greatest menace to human life is a disease called **Cancer**. Cancer is a clump of body cells that have gone wrong, that live at the expense of the body and contribute nothing.

The cell is a basic unit of life. Our body is made up of a vast number of these cells. Some unknown wisdom in our bodies separates our cells in various groups, each unlike the others, and each having a special task to perform. Sometimes this wisdom goes haywire. Why cells do this is the reason for cancer.

We are fighting a war to find out what cancer is, to kill it before it kills us. Why? Because every three minutes someone in the United States dies of cancer. No age group is safe, not even children.

There is nothing wrong with the idea of attacking cancer as we did the atom bomb. In cancer we are dealing with cells; atoms are units of matter. When scientists were working on the atom bomb they knew a great deal about it before they started. Very little is known about cancer, as it is more complex than the atom.

Cancer is not contagious and this rumor has been hard to kill. Therefore, cancer cannot be taken from some other person. The cause of a cancer has to be determined by the kind of cancer referred to and its position in some particular organ of the body.

To win this war we need three things—time, money, and brains. With the aid of money, people can be encouraged to have an examination every six months, whether they are sick or well. This examination will help to prevent cancer from developing. This also will mean new clinics and laboratories equipped with wonderful modern instruments. Brains and time go somewhat together. Skilled physicians and research scientists must work for long hours. This research takes months and even years of steady work, before a cure can be perfected. These men and women are working both with and against time. Cures and methods for killing of this dreaded disease must be found in as little time as possible. If we want to win this war against cancer we must co-operate to our fullest capacity with all those agencies engaged in combatting this dread disease. We must help to make cancer the defeated enemy and medicine the conqueror.

JACQUELINE DUGAS, '50

IF

I could change places with anyone in the world for a year I would change with anyone who was about to travel all over the world on a sightseeing trip. I would like to see, really, how much devastation there is and where it is.

ROBERT SPRATT

I would consider carefully all the people I knew or would like to know, and in the end, I'm sure I should decide that I am much happier being myself than anyone else. There are times when everyone thinks he is exceptionally unfortunate, but I'm certain I should never be content to live in another land or experience the circumstances of another person.

EDNA CALDERARA

I would like to change with Katherine Grayson, who has just the voice I wish I had, for I should like to be a singer.

JACKIE STEVENS

I would change with Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, so that I could do as much traveling and help as many people as she does in the course of a year.

BETTYANN GOWELL

I would change with some famous model. I think it would be very interesting to try on beautiful clothes and pose in different surroundings all day. A famous model is paid a large salary and with this salary, I would take trips to the beach and mountains.

EDITH D'AMATO

I would change with Winthrop Rockefeller and buy a large ranch in a secluded spot in Montana, where I would live in ease and happiness with my wife.

BILL KIELY

I would change with Miss Grandy, a teacher at the Peter Bent Brigham School of Nursing would be my choice. She is the most wonderful person I have ever met. To spend a year at the profession of my choice in her place would be wonderful.

LOIS GALBRAITH

I would take the place of Clark Gable, the ladies' dream-boat. I've often wondered how it felt to have beautiful women just swooning around, asking for autographs. I wouldn't mind having the use of a little of the money, too.

DAVID STOCKBRIDGE

I would like to be Princess Elizabeth; not because I would like to be a princess especially but because of the wonderful training she has had. Imagine being able to speak French fluently, to discuss political econom-

ics on the same level as great statesmen, to quote from many of the world's classics at will, to understand and have an opinion on all the periods of art from the Renaissance to the Modern Periods, to know and appreciate all the wonderful music in the world, to be able to live in such beautiful and famous places as Buckingham Palace and Galmis Castle, to know you have the love and respect of a great empire, and to be able to learn etiquette, etc. from such a teacher as Queen Mary. When I think of all the famous and interesting people who must pass through H. R. H. Elizabeth's life I am green with envy. Then, of course, there is Prince Phillip. He alone is enough to make any girl want to change places with Elizabeth!

BARBARA STEELE

I would change with the person sitting next to me, because his classwork is finished.

ANNE SHEA

I would change places with Dr. Enrico Fermi, a noted scientist. Dr. Fermi directed the construction of an atomic pile which started the first nuclear chain reaction. I believe I should enjoy the study of atomic energy and the excitement and suspense behind the opening of a door to the vast field of nuclear physics. I should have the opportunity to feel that I had contributed something to the development of civilization because I believe that atomic energy is primarily a benefit rather than a detriment to mankind.

VALERIA NABERS

I would pick Esther Williams so that I might swim as gracefully as she.

PAULINE MACKIE

I would change with someone who would travel over as much of the world as would be possible in one year; see all the places we have read and heard so much about, including France, Italy, Spain and South America and then come home to stay, very contented.

CONNIE FLYNN

I would change with someone who lives on a lake so that I could fish, swim, and hunt all the time.

TED PEARSON

A player in Vaughn Monroe's band would be my choice. I could then do much traveling and be well paid for my labor.

JACK SPILLANE

I would change with a lad from some Russian-controlled country. This would have a triple benefit. It would enable me to understand and realize the trouble and misery these people experience. Then I

could study their way of living and show them the faults in their government. The second benefit I would receive would be to truly realize in what a great and wonderful country I was born and to be able to appreciate it to the fullest extent of my ability. The third benefit derived from this more or less miracle, would be that the lad who would take my place could study our government and see how the people can run a country better than a small handful of men who have all the power. With this information he could go back to his native land and educate his people in the great manner of living that we all cherish.

JOHN MURRAY

I would like to change with someone who is disabled, so that he could again enjoy the fine things of life even though it would be only for a year.

JOHN BUSSEY

I would like to change with President Truman so that I could be the first woman president of the United States.

PAT BLANCHARD

I would choose to be a Freshman just entering Abington High School. As graduation time nears, I look back fondly at all the wonderful times I have had at Abington High. and wish that I had realized when I first entered high school, that I could stay here only four short years. If I had, I should certainly have planned my activities differently, so I could fit everything in. To me, Abington High is the most wonderful school in the world.

JEAN PARSONS

If I should change places with anyone I would probably be a very unhappy person, because if I were a rich person I would not know how to handle the money. Therefore, I would rather stay as I am.

ROBERT MESERVE

I would take the place of Ted Williams, not just for his \$80,000 a year salary but so I might act like a real gentleman and get a good name with the baseball fans throughout the United States.

FRED HATCH

I would change with a pilot and fly around the world, taking in all the interesting and historical places.

ELDRIDGE GURNEY

I would change with Jose Iturbi. I would sit at his piano in Symphony Hall. When the lights dimmed, my fingers would keep the hall filled with music until dawn.

SHIRLEY WHEATON

(continued on page 36)

ESSAYS

THE GREATEST PROMISE OF ALL

Amidst all the noise and confusion, the fighting, the greed, and the selfishness existing in the world there rises a promise, which if we believe in and wish for strong enough, will prove to be the greatest promise of all. It is the promise of everlasting peace for which two world wars have been fought and for which two associations or leagues have been set up to gain peace through peaceful means.

Perhaps I am too optimistic but I believe that peace is possible through the continued efforts of everyone, if all will follow a certain pattern or plan.

First, a person must create an understanding or brotherhood about him. This is attained by treating his family and the people with whom he associates, in a kindly manner and with tolerance, instead of with hate and ignorance. If a person can't get along with people who are like him, how can he understand people in foreign lands who are very different?

Second, one should keep up with world events and after analyzing those events, form his own opinions. He should not believe everything someone else writes or says, but look at events from all sides and develop an unprejudiced outlook on happenings.

Third, a person must have some philosophy or religion, for without this we can have no hope or faith. Believe in peace and pray for it with all your strength and it will be yours to enjoy and cherish.

BETTY RICH, '50

OUR GOVERNMENT THE BEST

We are truly lucky to be Americans. We can compare our country with other lands and see in the years that have passed since our forefathers began the tremendous task of molding our country into a nation, how steadily our country has improved, while other nations have slipped backwards.

Our government has been so constructed that it has withstood the greed and avarice which has broken other governments. A rough hand has been feeling Europe for soft spots. Strong fingers have closed around and drawn the soft spots into the grasp of that hand, but those fingers have been withdrawn when stepped upon. Our government is great in riches and strength and it can protect the weak. It represents freedom and tolerance for all. The four freedoms are generally practiced in America.

Our government wants peace, but it wants the Bill of Rights more. In these troubled times let us still continue to up-

hold the ideals of our ancestors.

BRADFORD GILMAN, '50

EXPEDITION PERILOUS

He foresaw his fate, but grimly and determinedly he set forth on a quest from which he knew he might never return. Others had tried; some had succeeded, some had failed; he would not be the first, nor would he be the last. The enemy, it was true, were smaller than he but they outnumbered him by many hundred and they had him completely surrounded. Nevertheless, with one last supreme effort he set forth.

His fears quickly materialized as he strode quakingly into the heart of the frenzied, milling enemy. They bludgeoned, poked and tripped him with every conceivable sort of weapon and before his journey was one-half over he was forced to dodge into a sheltered and secluded hideout. Taking stock he found he had no open or serious wounds, and, neglecting his many painful bruises and bumps, he prepared himself for the second and most dangerous part of his trek.

With possible success in sight he again set forth, even more determined than before. Suddenly a veritable giant of a foe loomed before him and before he could move he was smitten to the terrain by her sheer onward rush and power. He had visions of being trampled by numerous spiked shoes, but Lady Luck smiled on him and he managed to roll under a protecting ledge. At an opportune moment he again entered the turbulent swarm. He staggered and reeled helplessly over the last lap of his course. Finally, miraculously, he reached his goal, then fell exhausted on a barren stairway. He, a single man, had achieved the pinnacle of success: he had crossed Filene's Bargain Basement the day before Christmas.

WILLIAM KIELY, '48

THE FIRST STEP TO SUCCESS

I can remember that morning very clearly. I awoke earlier than usual and found that the outdoor world had risen before me. The sunbeams were dazzling and the birds were chirping merrily. The whole universe was waiting and I rushed out to meet it.

As I strolled in the early hush of morning the roses were bathing in dew. They nodded to me as I passed, but I lingered to greet them farewell for only a moment—then turned away.

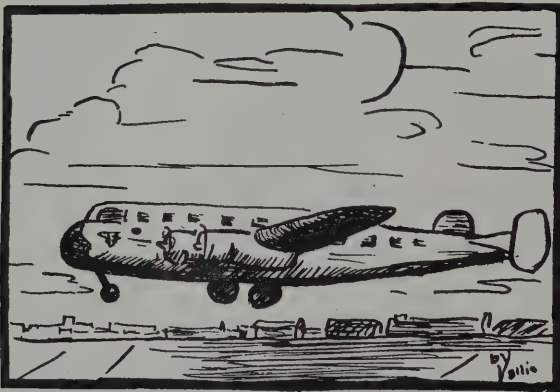
I could feel the sea, and smell it; and I heard its roar of welcome as I approached

the narrow silver beach which was reflecting the bright rays of the morning sun. I removed my shoes and slowly dragged my feet through the soft carpet of sand—destination unknown.

It seemed that my life was like that too. I had no specific goal to try for. I was going back to school the next day, and then just study and hard work lay ahead until the next vacation. I worked for—I knew not what. I was only certain that I wanted to do something someday—to be someone.

Suddenly the realization came to me that I would find what I was searching for if I worked hard enough. That was the only answer. Then I knew that I had found myself, and that I could return to school without dread.

BARBARA GATES, '50



FRANKFURT TO NEW YORK IN THIRTY HOURS

The engines roared and the plane shook. We started down the runway, picking up speed, faster and faster. The wheels were off the ground. We were in the air and on our way home! It was four o'clock, September 7, as I watched the ruins of Frankfurt disappear beneath me.

The lighted sign above the cockpit door, which read, "No smoking! Safety belts fastened," went out and everyone breathed a sigh of relief because taking off and landing are among the hazards of flying. I leaned back and looked down at the patchwork quilt-like countryside.

But soon the lighted sign went on again and we were about to land at Brussels, just one hour after our take-off in this two-engined transport. The plane had to be refueled, giving us time to stretch our legs. The airport seemed deserted except for the masons who were transforming new bricks into airport buildings. At last we were ordered back to the plane.

In another hour we found ourselves landing in London. When we alighted from the plane, a bus was there to take us to a waiting room. In this waiting room, which was located in one of the barracks-like buildings

scattered around the airport, there were people of many nationalities: Indians with their turbans, Turks with their fezzes, and people from other strange lands. We were informed that we were to go at six to another building to eat; but how could we because a little after five, as we were in a different time zone. When we returned to the waiting-room after our evening meal, I gained a traveling companion, an American boy of about my age who had been visiting his father, a civilian government worker in Germany.

My new companion and I played cards and talked until ten o'clock, when the departure of our plane was announced. After being checked aboard by the hostess, we were told, to our dismay, that the flight would be delayed for three hours while the plane was being inspected. We were directed back to the waiting room where we were given sandwiches and coffee. The three hours slowly dragged by. Again we anxiously climbed aboard the big four motored Constellation, and again we were off. When everyone was comfortable, custom forms were distributed. We were told to fill them out, declaring not only our valuables but films, cigarettes and such items. By the time this task was completed, it was three o'clock and we were landing at Shannon, Ireland, where it was two o'clock. Another different time gone! Here we had tea and crumpets in a beautiful dining room—Shannon has the most elaborate airport in the world.

As we boarded the plane at Shannon, again our names were checked off on a list. We could not have missed the plane if we had tried. The big hop across the Atlantic was now begun. It was three o'clock (five o'clock German time) when we wearily tipped our chairs back in a reclining position and tried to sleep.

At daybreak when I looked down from the window expecting to see the ocean, what appeared to be freshly fallen snow met my gaze. We were flying over the clouds! Soon the hostesses were busy serving us breakfast on little partitioned cardboard trays. Suddenly someone called out, "land!" Sure enough—through holes in the clouds one could see land. Good old North America! All I could see were lakes and forests, but it looked good to me.

It was not long before we landed at Gander, Newfoundland, an airport in the wilderness, with just a little settlement built around it. It was now eight-thirty Gander time. We had gained two and a half hours during the night. Having bathed, we took a little exercise before starting on the last lap of our journey. Again in the

air, chatted, read magazines, or tried to get a little of the sleep we had missed the night before. Although we had little to do and much leisure to do it in, time seemed to pass rapidly, nine o'clock, ten o'clock, eleven o'clock, twelve o'clock, and another hour and a half we had picked up in the difference in time. The first part of the U. S. A. over which we flew was, fitting enough, Boston. My search for landmarks met with little success; all I could make out was the Charles River. Another half hour and we were setting down at LaGuardia Airport in New York.

And thus ended my flight across the Atlantic. What a thrill!

EDWARD DONNELLY, '49

Editor's Note:

"From Frankfurt to New York in Thirty Hours" is the third in a series of essays written by Edward Donnelly, who spent the summer of 1947 in Germany and other countries of Europe.

A DAY IN THE GREEN MOUNTAINS

The sun rose in a ball of fire in the east, casting its golden rays over the distant rolling hills. I slowly awoke and looked at this beautiful spectacle of nature, wondering where I might be. I finally awoke to the fact that I was in a lean-to on the Calvin Coolidge Reservation, high in the Green Mountains. Towering oaks, poplars, birches, and pines surrounded our primitive camp.

After getting clumsily out of my sleeping bag, I dressed, still half-asleep. But my stupor was short-lived, for my uncle threw some cold water into my face, which reminded me that there was water to be got from a well a quarter of a mile down the steep hill. After my uncle and I had brought the water to the lean-to, we went about the other chores. As we chopped the wood, built the fire, and put our sleeping bags in order, the rest of the party, my mother, my aunt, and my two cousins, got out of bed. With our appetites sharpened by the fresh mountain air and the morning chores, we ate a hearty breakfast of bacon, fried eggs, and bread toasted over the open fire.

During the remaining morning hours we explored much of the reservation. The Calvin Coolidge Reservation is very beautiful, with its marked trails, primitive lean-tos, mountain streams, and outdoor fireplaces. Dirt roads wind through the hundreds of acres of this reservation, which was built by the Civilian Conservation Corps. Upon returning from our exploration, we had lunch.

Stepping into the only thing that reminded us of twentieth-century life, our car, we were off to see the house in which

Calvin Coolidge was born. It was a simple white house with green shutters. A huge oak tree adorned the front yard. As the caretaker took us about the house, she told us about many points of interest.

Leaving the old homestead, we started on our way back to the reservation. At the foot of the mountain where our camp was situated was a pool of water. I thought this to be a good time for a refreshing swim, not knowing what I was in for. When I jumped into the water I found it so cold that it was impossible for me to stay in for any length of time. My cousins stood laughing at me, for they had previously swum in this frigid pool, the source of which was a high mountain.

After returning to our camp site, we ate the evening meal and then retired early. As I lay in my sleeping bag looking up through the poplars and birches at the cool star-studded sky, I wondered what adventures the next day would hold.

RICHARD SANDERSON, '50

A GREAT NATURAL WONDER

Let us take an imaginary trip to New York State's great natural wonder—Howe Caverns.

Howe Caverns is named after its discoverer, Lester Howe, who, in 1842 noticed a draught of cool air coming from a hole in the rocky ledge. His curiosity compelled him to enter the opening which led to this underground wonder.

Until 1929, however, only the hardy and adventurous, equipped with torch, were able to see and enjoy its wonders. In that year Howe Caverns was opened to the public, as we see it today.

It is located thirty-seven miles west of Albany, the capital of New York, and twenty-seven miles southwest of Schenectady.

The caverns are one hundred and fifty-six feet below sea level. A unique and curious example of erosion by water, called the Winding Way is a tortuous series of "S's," about five hundred and fifty feet long, from three to six feet wide, and from ten to seventy-five feet high. The sightseer rounds curve after curve in bewildering succession, for the "Way" is so crooked that one seems at each step to change his direction.

It takes approximately one hour and twenty minutes to see what work nature has done in a period of a million years.

"The finest workers in stone are not copper or steel tools, but the gentle touches of air and water working at their leisure with a liberal allowance of time."

—Thoreau

As we travel through this great splendor we note that pieces of stone resemble important and interesting things in other lands such as Nature's handiwork shown in a variety of beautiful and unique formations, many translucent, which have been millions of years in the making. These include the Witch, Chinese Pagoda, Leaning Tower of Pisa, Massive Bank of Flowerstone, Pipe Organ, Stained Glass Window, Bishop's Pulpit, and many other intensely interesting formations such as The Bridal Altar in the nured balcony of Titan's Temple where weddings have been solemnized since 1854, two natural limestone bridges on which visitors cross the underground stream, curious and interesting underground plant life, and a mile long underground stream, called the River Styh, leading to a beautiful illuminated lake two hundred feet below the entrance.

Howe Caverns are well worth a trip to that section of New York State in which this handiwork of nature is located.

AUDREY REYNOLDS, '51

FAMILY RELATIONSHIPS IN A DEMOCRACY

Through strong family relationships a person gains courage and self-confidence. He can express his ideas at home openly and freely. Here he begins the first step toward democracy.

In America no family is ever barred from attending the church of its faith whether it be Catholic, Jewish, or Protestant.

During World War II juvenile delinquency was caused by family relationships because the relationship between parents and children became distant. The parents neglected to bring up their children in the proper manner. Too many do this now. The American youth is too self-reliant. If the American youth of today lived in the conditions existing in the twenties, he would not be so sure of himself. It is probably because of our high standards of living that the average youth can get what he wishes by using a certain amount of aggressiveness and initiative. This throws him into competition with other youths who are striving for the same thing or similar things.

Unity in the family is extremely important. "All for one, and one for all" should be the motto of every home. If in every home the members were closely united, sharing their happiest hours and comforting one another in their sorrowful moments, they would contribute much to a sound democracy.

SHIRLEY MAHONEY, '50

OH, MY ACHING JAW!

Came the day when I was supposed to go to the dentist's, and I just longed for the next day, but of course it did not come.

Before I knew it, I was in the waiting room gritting my teeth. Suddenly, a monstrous shadow hovered over me. I cowered in a corner of the chair in which I was sit-



ting, wishing I could slip down the crack in the seat. A cold sweat broke out all over me and I hid my face with the magazine but to no avail. He saw me.

"Next!" he said, as I slowly walked my last mile to the chair. I sat down and four hands held me still, as a cone covered my face. I gasped for breath; the beating of my heart resounded throughout my body and I thought throughout the room.

Slowly I went around and around and around as I toppled through space. My whole life passed in front of me. Here and there lightning flashed and I felt myself shaking.

A big pair of hands with a pick in one of them speedily approached me and disappeared in a flash of fire.

Suddenly I was seized with a tremendous shaking sensation and I thought I was going to shiver to pieces.

Then a voice kept repeating something and growing louder and louder. It was like "Shake up!" or could it be "Wake up!"?

Where was I? I opened my eyes and found myself sitting in the dentist's chair. I got up and groped for my coat. I staggered out thinking myself lucky to be alive although I wasn't too sure I was.

As I opened the door of my house I vowed never to let my uppers and lowers get out of hand again.

JACK WHEATLEY, '51

WHY RELIGION SHOULD BE TAUGHT IN THE SCHOOLS OF AMERICA

I believe that there should be a course in Religious study for children of high school age. It would help the children of today and parents and adults of tomorrow to understand the difference between Jews, Catholics, Protestants, and the people of other religions. It would lessen fighting and bickering among the people of different churches.

If we ever stopped to think about the difference in the religions, we might witness a different church service with the altar either plain or decorated, the singing—in Latin, English, or the languages of a certain nationality. We all have one thing in common: we believe in God. Most Protestants believe in Christ. The Jews have not accepted Him as their God. This, however, is no reason why we should persecute them. They have their own way of thinking and they are loyal to their God, as they understand Him.

I think that the more we study this subject the more our minds will open to the fact that every believer has his own way of praising God.

In order to accomplish this understanding we must have an open-minded teacher—one who is not afraid of arguing his points and leading students to see wherein they are wrong. The students should go to different churches and see how each one praises God.

This is a free country and in order for it to be a happy one we should have no prejudice in religion. If every parent or teacher would teach the children under his guidance the understanding of religion instead of prejudice against it, this world would be a much happier place in which to live.

BETTY PRATT, '48

THE BEAUTY OF EASTER

Easter morning offers one of the rarest beauties of the year. Imagine yourself standing outside the small, red community church and gazing through one of the stained-glass windows.

Sunday school has just ended, and young girls and boys are running happily to meet their parents before going to church. Young and old, rich and poor are gathering to offer their prayers and thanks to God. The faint whispering of the children to their parents sounds in your ears, but is soon lost in the music of a joyous Easter hymn being sung by the choir, echoing about the auditorium. As you listen, the fragrance of the Easter lilies reaches you while the winds sighs gently about the church.

The choir, composed of three groups, has

been seated and the younger members of the choir arise and sing their special Easter hymn. Their mothers, who are sitting nearby, listen quietly, with tears of happiness glimmering in their eyes as they think how wonderful it is to have the gift of children from God.

The Choral and Senior choir looking very impressive in their black and white vestments sing the traditional hymns for Easter. Following this part of the service, there is an inspiring sermon delivered by the minister.

The service soon ends and groups of friends gather around the church and talk excitedly about the Easter parade, which is the special event of the day.

As you mingle with the crowd you think to yourself, "As long as the tradition of Easter is kept, goodness and faith in God will reign on this land of ours."

NORMA MANSFIELD, '50

FREEDOM of the PRESS

Is freedom of the press really as good a thing as it is commonly made out to be? Should it be sanctioned by the schools of our nation?

The other day I was visiting in a house in which the eleven-year old daughter was scanning the front page of the evening paper. "Nothing good tonight," she remarked seriously, "no murders." Are these the kind of thoughts a normal sixth-grade child should have? Where does a child get the idea that only a murder can be interesting reading? Does he get it from his schoolmates, his teachers, or his parents? Without a doubt, the growing child forms most of his opinions from what he hears his parents say at home. If the parents are narrow-minded, and read only certain parts of the papers, certainly the children are at times going to hear them conversing about the articles they have read.

The radio, movies, and comic books have been proved detrimental enough, without letting another medium influence the homes and put thought into children's formative minds.

How can we help to keep these things from children? Last week, on the front page of a Sunday paper, there were four two-column accounts of murders. The bottom left-hand side of the paper contained an inviting liquor advertisement, and the remainder of the page was devoted to accounts of a union coal strike. Children are not interested in reading about union matters; we don't want them to study liquor ads; therefore, what is there left?

Should we forbid children who have not reached a stated age, to read the papers at

all? This would be harmful in more than one way. When a thing is forbidden to children, they are more than ever eager to get their hands on it. Another bad factor, would be that school children would lose valuable vocabulary study if they stopped reading the papers. The alternative to this, then, would be newspaper reform.

Will America be in another war? How can we, the average people of the country, help but think so? The newspapers print anything they want, be it fact or fiction. There are no censors, as in the movie industry. Each writer has a different idea or viewpoint, and he expresses it as he likes. After reading one, or perhaps two, of these articles, the average reader gets up his fighting blood and starts hollering for war. If the reader would read more than one article on the subject and form his own opinion, the articles would be worthwhile. As it is now, a man reads the work of a paid writer and agrees with him instantaneously.

Why should the newspapers print the truth? In most cases, the more spectacular the headline and the story, the larger is the number of copies that will be sold. A few of the more reliable papers print only the truth. These few are in the minority, as most of the papers go in for the sensational news, the hammer murders, the exposition of atomic bomb formulas, etc.

If the newspapers of the world were cleaned up, they would easily be the most important ties in bringing all parts of the world closely together. When the occupational forces landed in Germany, they were asked questions about Al Capone and the Chicago gangsters. Is this what we want other nations to remember us by?

Freedom of the press is a good thing, but only when it is used in the sense in which it was first meant to be used. It should not be used in exaggerating the story, but constructively in the different and varied topics on which one can choose to write. As in all "freedoms," a few definite laws should be made governing the use of this wonderful American heritage.

JEAN PARSONS, '48

WHAT CAN WE DO FOR PEACE?

All of us wonder what we as individuals can do for peace, but many of us contend that peace is made or lost by governments. That is not true because peace is built by the people and we should be willing to do as much for peace as for war.

It was the Quakers, the American Friends Service committee, who won the 1947 Nobel Peace Prize by unanimous vote. They sat at no peace conference. They did nothing we can't do. While the statesmen debated,

the Quakers fed and clothed and healed miserable human beings, in order that they might survive and work; that they might grow into the Pasteurs and Madam Curies of a new world instead of into hate-twisted Mussolinis, Hitlers, and Tojos.

We can do that too or wait and then have our young men go down to the waiting trains, the waiting guns once more.

There are many ways in which we can help; there are more than fifty agencies ready to handle our help. We can mail checks ear-marked for work in specific countries to the relief organizations best fitted to our needs. We can give food and clothing to church, school and other local drives. We can make up our own packages and mail them to a packing center in the United States. We can mail packages or postal money orders directly to friends or relatives abroad. We can get behind our community drives—help with organizing, repairing and packing of clothing.

Both new and used clothing is badly needed for all ages—shirts, sweaters, bibs, slippers, rompers, dresses, sox, shoes, aprons, caps, mittens, jackets, coats, suits, overcoats, heavy work jackets, heavy work shoes, rubbers and galoshes. Used clothing should be clean and mended, with buttons sewed on. We shouldn't send threadbare garments or anything too worn to stand continued hard use. We should replace worn-through soles and missing strings and shine shoes and tie them in pairs, string to string.

Bedding is badly needed as well as towels, soap, and sewing materials. And of course there is unlimited need for food of all kinds—dehydrated foods, dried foods, canned meats, fish, fruit, vegetables, and fats and condensed or evaporated milk.

These are only a few of the many things that we can do to help the underfed and poorly clothed children of Europe. Let's all pitch in and do our best to maintain peace.

PATRICIA GAFNEY, '50

A PROSPECT FOR THE 1964 OLYMPICS

An eleven-month-old infant is already an accomplished swimmer. Baby Sherry Lynn Whitford can swim but can not walk. Several times a day she dogpaddles across a thirty-foot swimming pool in Los Angeles. She caught on to the arm movement after her arms were moved back and forth five hundred and some odd times. She swam for the first time when she was seven months old. Her instructor, Crystal Scarborough, a relative, considers her the most promising of all the babies she has taught to swim. Her vocabulary is "Mamma," "Dada," and "dive."

Sherry Lynn has no sense of direction but will follow her instructor. She is not

strong enough to raise her head from the water and therefore has to cross the pool on one breath. What do you think of her chances of being a "champ"?

LORRAINE WATERS, '51

A NIGHTLY ROUTINE

Although we have heard that same sound four times tonight, we all start as the telephone ring pierces the evening silence. Everyone looks up with a question in his eyes. Who, perchance, is calling? What unknown news awaits us? Has something spectacular happened in our town? We all breathe with bated breath. For whom is the message? Father hopes that Jack is calling to say he will play golf tomorrow. Mother cannot wait to hear about the new bargains in the city. Bob secretly wishes that it is Paul calling to say that Jean was asking for him at school today. Baby Sis, supposedly sleeping, would love to have her chum call at such a late hour. The one who cannot endure the suspense, however, is Jane. Naturally she hopes that one of her girl friends is on the other end of the line, but would it not be wonderful if someone of the male species has dialed her number?

There we all are, so tense that our bodies seem rigid. Finally, the thought dawns on us that we had better lift the receiver, but, to our inconvenience, we are all inspired at the same moment. In the wild dash for the phone none regards the others' safety. When Father has finally succeeded in getting the receiver to his ear, we all sink, aghast, into our chairs as he painfully whispers, "Yes, the street light in front of our house is on."

BARBARA MORIARTY, '49



THE STORM

The sun was now hidden behind the dull, gray clouds that had risen in the west. Then we felt drops of rain on our arms and faces. Now and then there was the distant rumble of thunder or a flash of lightning. The rain was beginning to come down harder. The storm was approaching rapidly. The wind had sprung up and was whipping into a gale. A few more minutes and the storm would be directly over our heads.

The storm raged for over an hour; the wind lashed the trees and blew the branches against the rain-drenched window causing them to scrape back and forth on the glass in a weird manner. The thunder followed so closely after the lightning that we could scarcely count a second in between. The rain was pouring down in torrents. The wind was blowing it against the window so hard that if the wind and rain did not stop very soon the window would be blown in. This was indeed a rare storm for so early in the spring.

Then the storm appeared to be abating. The thunder was now just a rumble in the distance and the lightning flashed only now and then. The rain was falling gently. The clouds were beginning to scatter and soon the sun would be out.

A few minutes later and the sun had come out. The grass, the trees, the flowers, everything on the earth was wet with the newly fallen rain. The sun shone on the trees and lawns which sparkled with myriads of tiny diamonds. The buds on the trees were larger, the grass was greener, and there were a few more jonquils peeping their heads through the damp earth. The birds were coming out from the shelters to which they had fled in order that they might protect themselves from the storm. They were perched on the wet branches and singing as sweetly as you please.

A storm may seem dreadful when it is raging all about us, but after the storm is over the world can be one of the most beautiful sights one could hope to see.

JOAN PETERSON, '50

JAPAN'S CHILDREN

What is America going to do about the children of Japan, the boys and girls who have to pay a price for their elder's war of aggression? Remember that these children, who became adults before their time, have the minds which will guide the new Japan. Shall we sit back and let them help themselves? No, we Americans want every boy and girl in this world, regardless of race or religion, to have a chance to make something of himself.

New schools have sprung up in Japan,

and American education is spreading through the minds of the Japanese people. Years ago in Japan after a girl reached the fourth grade she was taken out of the classes with boys. Today both girls and boys are educated together.

Have you ever compared a Japanese school to your own? Your school is probably a new brick building, with at least ten rooms, glass windows, nice desks, and books of all description. In Japan there are many one room buildings with broken wooden benches, windows without glass, one or two books, and a large hole in the outside wall where a bomb struck during the war. We are the lucky ones, but do we ever express our gratitude? If we could change places with the boys and girls in Japan we should soon realize just how fortunate we were in America.

The elder people of Japan are harder to convince than the young, because they have been brought up under the old Japanese law which stated that they must follow their emperor blindly, and be willing to die for him at any time. The younger ones are eager and willing to learn of democracy and freedom. If we want this peace to last, we must help the less fortunate to see the light which shines for them in a free and democratic world.

WILLETA MOSHER, '48

WHAT IS UNIVERSAL MILITARY TRAINING?

Universal Military Training is a full-fledged peace-time military conscription requiring every boy in the United States to be drafted at the age of eighteen. Even those boys who are physically or mentally disqualified for regular training program would be assigned to some other type of military work. The pay would be only \$30 per month for each trainee, whereas a private in the Army receives over \$60 per month.

At the end of six months' training, which each boy would be compelled to take, a boy would be forced to choose one of these plans:

1. A second six months' training in Army camps.
2. Enlistment in the National Guard or Organized Reserve Corps for as long a period as the President of the United States prescribes.
3. Enrollment in one of the service academies, such as West Point or Annapolis.
4. Entrance in a college course containing a Reserve Officers' Training Course with the agreement that he is to accept a Reserve commission upon completion of the course.

5. Enlistment in a Reserve Army, Navy, or Marine Corps for a period of six years.

This U. M. T. bill, reported favorably upon by the House Armed Service Committee on July 25, 1947, states that all trainees are to be kept in the United States but goes on to define the United States as meaning not only continental United States, but also her territories and possessions.

The United States Army claims that the bill would result in a slight reduction in the size of the standing army; yet the bill itself states, "Civilian and military personnel of the armed forces employed or detailed for duty with the corps shall be in addition to, and in excess of, the authorized strengths allotted to the Regular Army, Navy, and Marine Corps."

In the whole bill there is no provision forbidding racial discrimination, and no amendment to this effect was allowed by Mr. Howe or Mr. Andrews, the chairmen of the committee which prepared the bill. Among the other amendments which the two chairmen rejected were the following:

1. A provision forbidding the use of trainees for service in connection with labor problems, riots, or the like.
2. The automatic termination of this act as soon as the President of the United States is notified by the United Nations that an international police force has been set up.

After you have read this article you will, I hope, be able to decide whether the United States should adopt the Universal Military plan as it now appears.

MERRILL HOHMAN, '50

AND NOW AT LAST—

Twelve long years ago my mother tied a huge bow atop my head, bid me a fond farewell, and as I tripped gaily out the door I imagine she sighed tenderly, "Ah, there she goes—out into the world, my little girl." And four not-so-long years ago my mother admonished me to remove some of my lipstick, bid me a fond farewell, and as I tripped gaily out the door, I imagine she sighed, "Ah, there she goes—out into the world, my girl." And now my mother is straightening my graduation cap and I imagine she is thinking, "Ah, there she goes—out into the world, my, how tempus *does* fugit."

I suppose it is a time honored tradition that each year around the time of commencement each senior should suddenly become misty eyed and grow rather sentimental about his school years, while the inspiration surges within him to take his pen in hand—

Perhaps many years hence I shall pull my scrap-book from my old dusty trunk and

leaf lingeringly through its yellowed pages, containing faded souvenirs from "the happiest days of my life." Perhaps my grandchildren will scoff at the sentimentality of an "old" woman of fifty-five, but won't they, too, collect gaily colored streamers from those festive proms, and football programs and newspaper clippings, and dance tickets, foolish pictures, notes, and various sundry mementos? I wonder if they will dance to a newly revived "oldy" that made its first bow in the gay forties. I wonder, if, on a rainy day, they will ascend the attic stairs and play "dress-up" in those funny clothes unearthed there—the clothes that we thought were so "sharp." I wonder if they'll laugh over them and pat my head and sympathize, "Poor gramma—never had any fun." And I wonder, if we in turn will sigh, "What is this younger generation coming to?"

Yes, I suppose this viscious circle will revolve unceasingly, that millions of loving mothers will stand in the doorway of life and reluctantly help their offspring over the threshold, out "into the world."

But now, as we clutch our diplomas in hand and trip semi-gaily off the platform we sigh——."

ANNE SHEA, '48

TOO BAD, HARRY!

Perhaps none of you has ever been to the race track. I know I never have. Therefore, I will write on something I know nothing about—betting with bookies. Here is my conception of what would happen to me if I ever went to the track.

Oh, it's a great day for the races. One doesn't mind a slightly moist drizzle. It just makes the horses all the faster and the race all the more exciting. They come pounding by the rail at the terrific pace of five miles per hour, covering spectators and competitors alike with a shower of clean mud. But who cares? You're out for a pleasant day and no one can spoil your fun. Oh, Oh! Be careful, Harry! You are getting that sporting gleam in your eyes. Stop gazing at that bookie and keep your hands off that soft green roll of bills in your pocket. Remember what the little lady said? I think it was some joking remark about arsenic in your coffee if you spent more than her allowance of two dollars. Hah! Hah! Of course she was only having her little joke (you hope).

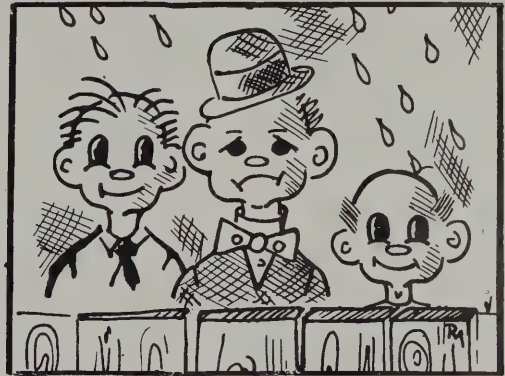
"Five minutes till post time," bellows the public address system. Well, Harry, what about it? Don't be frightened; you've had a pleasant life. Ah! There he goes, slinking up toward the bookie. I wonder if he knows how to place a bet, seeing as this is his first attempt. Let's listen.

"Hey, Sam! What's the odds on Handker-

chief in the fifth? "Ten to one," you say? Hmmh! I got it all doped out on my form here. Stick these hundred smackers on 'Handkerchief' to win."

Well, Well! Our little Harry did fairly well for a beginner. Where's he going now? Oh, I see. The fifth race is about to begin and Harry is getting a spot at the rail. It's remarkable how calm he is, when he has just bet one hundred dollars. He nonchalantly takes out his cigarettes and lights one, after dropping seven in the mud. Steel nerves. Now he empties the water out of his hat and puts it back on his head upside down. Yes, our Harry is unruffled.

The crowd grows tense. The horses are in the gate. Now they're about ready to go. Harry is being gently squeezed against the rail till his eyes bulge. Over anxious crowd, you know. He turns his attention to the broadcast.



"And there they go! Rounding the first turn it's Seames ripping along the rail, Suspenders holding up the rear! There on the far turn now! Red Underwear is creeping up in back, but Elastic is stretching her lead! They're in the stretch. Windy is blowing the lead. Here comes Handkerchief up fast, and it's Handkerchief by a nose, paying ten to one."

Now, back to Harry, who is now calmly going to collect his money, stopping enroute to slap somebody on the back, or let out a wild yell. He finally reaches the bookie and asks for his money, while reaching for his wallet. Oh, no! No wallet. Poor Harry has been robbed. What a shame! But he merely shrugs his shoulders and walks away, taking his loss like a man. "That's the breaks," he says. "I can take it." Harry turns homeward, a broken man.

My, My! The next day, while reading the paper, I find that our Harry has passed away. Arsenic poisoning say the police. Ah, well! You'd do better in a——Aw, what's the use?

The moral of this story is, At the race track do not tarry, or you'll end as did poor Harry.

DAVID STOCKBRIDGE, '48



The incident I remember most vividly dates back to the second grade.

It seems that in the second grade subtraction is a very important subject. Each day my teacher would hold up flash cards with a subtraction example printed on each one. We were to write the answers on a piece of paper. No matter how hard I tried, the final results were always the same—a big round zero! Finally my teacher could stand it no longer. "Jeanne," she said, "I'm afraid that I am going to have to change your seat from the second row to the last!" The words felt like a knife through me. The last row! To be put in with those who did not get along so well—how could she? But she did and I can honestly say that I then learned to subtract and fast.

JEANNE GRAHAM

One day while in the eighth grade, Robert Meserve and I were working outside on the baseball diamond under the careful supervision of Mr. Kelleher, our shop teacher. He was showing us how to take care of the diamond, when Mr. Morey came down on the field and asked Bob and me if we wanted to play baseball against Weymouth High, the same afternoon. We said that we did.

It was a very warm day and we were both very nervous. Bob was supposed to play short, and I was supposed to pitch. After the game started, we lost our nervousness and won the game handily by seven to one, a victory which gave us a lot of confidence.

DAVID ANDERSON

I remember one night Betty, Maryanne, and I were sitting on the front stairs, when we got a yen for apples. It just so happened that across the tracks, over a fence there were some green ones. We stole across the tracks to the orchard.

Just as we were to leave, Mr. Mackie (no relation to Chet or Polly) started to chase us. We had never run so fast in our lives. Betty got caught, unfortunately, and Mr. Mackie started to give her a spanking.

JANE LEVENTUK

The incident that stands out clearly in my mind occurred in my junior year during our first football rally before the jamboree in Quincy. The twelve cheerleaders were all standing in front of the bleachers in their sharp

REMEM



new uniforms. We were all very nervous as this was the first time we had cheered before an audience. Finally we gathered enough courage to go out and cheer. While going through the motions of "Team" we noticed that no one was watching us or even cheering with us. The attention was all on little Danny who was out in the field playing a game of football with himself. Our first football Rally was certainly a flop!

PATRICIA THOMPSON

I remember one incident in my senior year which I believe I shall never forget. There seemed to be a fad about "fainting." Not wishing to be different, I tried it. "Bend down and breathe deeply thirteen times; stand and blow on your fingers: Out you'll go!" instructed my friends. I did this, and, true to form, I slumped into my girl friend's arms. I was out for not more than a second or two, but oh! my head reeled and my eyes were blurry. For an entire day I was nauseated, and I had the worst headache I have ever had or ever hope to have.

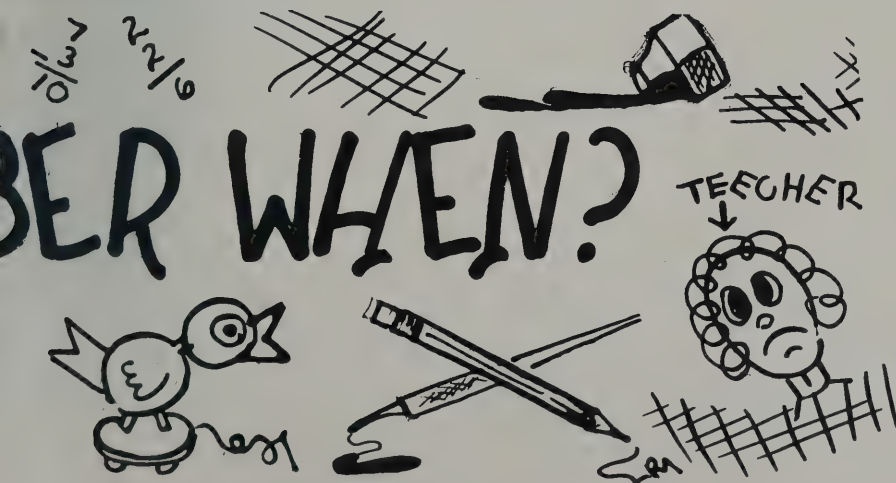
CONNIE FLYNN

The flashing of silver blades.—The noise of human bodies in mortal contact.—Then a jam up—a sailing puck—a falling goalie and at last a dull thud as our goalie was hit with the puck. He bled freely from an inch cut above his right eye. As he lay on the ice, his first sardonic utterance was, "Thanks . . . fellers." We helped Fred to the club house where he was treated for his wound and also given the puck as a souvenir. He still carries another souvenir over his right eye. To this day, we still tell Fred that it was a good thing he was hit in the head, because if he had been hit in another place, he might have been hurt.

JOHN SPILLANE

I can remember the hot, sultry summer afternoons when I rowed listlessly across the placid, shimmering bay with the salt caking on my weary arms and parched lips. I could barely master the strength to surmount the rush of the incoming tide as it boiled and sputtered beneath the two bridges, which prefaced my arrival on the open sea. The dark green, turbulent, sea on which I spent many delightful hours, swimming and fishing. I remember my renewed vigor and energy as I turned toward home, refreshed by the coolness of Davey Jones' locker and invigorated by thoughts of a succulent supper.

BILLY KIELY



I remember our class was the first class to come to Abington High School. We thought we were the real wild men. Thanks to the teachers, we soon found out just where we stood. We were only eighth graders, but we thought we were going to run the place. We discovered, however, that we were here just to learn and do nothing else.

Now here we are, the same class, ready to go out into the world and try our wings.

ROBERT MESERVE

I remember my first touch of social life. Having been invited to a birthday party, I accepted with pleasure. I was having a gay time, spilling ice cream on my new attire, tipping over lamps, upsetting trays of delicacies and, all in all, wrecking the house. Unknown to me, my fun was soon to cease. We began playing "Ring Around the Rosie". I was swinging around when suddenly I fell backwards and cracked my head on the radiator. Without waiting for First Aid, I "lit out" for my home, a few houses down the street, to let my faithful mother bandage my aching head and sooth my frightened heart.

DAVID STOCKBRIDGE

In years to come I think my most vivid impression of Abington High School will be the spirit of the football games. The wild joy and triumph of a win (especially over Rockland) and the black despair at a loss will come back to me every time I hear a crowd let out a yell or a long, anguished "Ohhhh". I shall think of yelling myself hoarse to, from, and at the games.

I remember rushing home and glueing my ear to the radio to hear all the different sports announcers give the score and I hoped and prayed they would add a complimentary phrase or two.

BARBARA STEELE

I remember the night game of football that was to be played here. There were quite a few of us who were in financial straits. We all wanted to see the game but didn't know how we were going to raise the funds. Someone got the bright idea of going over the fence up on the hill. Everyone agreed upon the idea.

We all met up town and started off towards the cemetery. We had to go wading across a little brook in order to get on the side leading to the hill. There was an awful lot of briars and bushes to clamor through. We were all dressed in dungarees and shirts. Finally we came to the fence; it was high and the wire was sharp at the top. We helped each other get over the top. I got caught on a piece of wire and couldn't move.

I had one leg on each side of the fence. Someone shoved one of my legs over and a ripping sound could be heard before I fell to the ground. I had quite a rip in a very conspicuous place. My shirt just barely covered it.

We dashed down the hill before a policeman saw us and walked nonchalantly to the other side. During the game I didn't jump up and down to cheer, but did my cheering sitting down.

PAULINE MACKIEWICZ

I can remember many naughty things in my childhood, but a few frightening things stand out.

One summer afternoon I went to the Springfield Zoo with my parents. I saw bears in a big pit, red and blue monkeys, a very funny seal family, and some cunning lion cubs just separated from their mother. At the lion house in a cage, pacing to and fro, was the mother of those little cubs. It seemed to me that she was the biggest lion I had ever seen. She filled the whole cage. Suddenly without warning, she opened her mouth and roared at me. I lit off in a cloud of dust and went galloping down the main street.

CYNTHIA SYLVESTER

When I was a young girl I used to visit my grandmother who had a small cottage on Cape Cod. When she first moved there it was a secluded spot, but soon many houses sprang up about her and the majority of them were inhabited by Negroes. I could never see why my grandmother wouldn't permit me to play with the colored children. One hot day I heard the sound of many voices coming from up the street. I wandered out of the yard and off in the direction of the singing. Suddenly, I rounded a corner and there was a group of colored people gathered around a raised platform on which stood a preacher gestulating wildly and trying to "wash away" his people's sins. I joined the group and as they were singing a familiar tune I sang along with them. Then everyone sat on the ground and the preacher conducted a question and answer program. An old crone in the back row stood up and asked a question. The preacher asked for an answer, and I, being fresh from my first year in Sunday School, raised my hand to answer. I got up on the platform and was about to recite my answer when I heard a shriek from the back row. My grandmother, who had missed me, had walked up the street to look for me. On seeing my light hair amidst all those dark heads she could do nothing but shriek.

MARYLOU DEVLIN

I remember that when I was in the second grade I would turn around and talk to the boy behind me. The teacher told me if I turned around again she would tie me to my chair. I turned around, and she tied me to my chair.

GEORGE BUSSEY

I vividly recall my second year in school. Our teacher was one of the nicest persons I have ever come in contact with. She could never have fitted in any profession as well as she fitted in teaching. Her only desire in life was to help others and allow them the pleasures in school that she had been deprived of. Her manner with children, I have never seen equaled. Suddenly one day, during our reading lesson, she fell from her chair and collapsed on the floor. That afternoon she died. Of all the teachers and friends I have met since, she remains the best loved and remembered.

EDNA CALDERARA

I'll never forget my first day at high school. We started at nine and it seemed hours before I heard a bell ring. It was really 10:15. The first thought in my mind was to eat. I took my lunch, went to a secluded spot in the school yard, and there ate. Soon we were ushered back into the school. About an hour and a half later another bell rang! I was ready to go home, but alas I found that this was lunch time; the other had been only a short recess.

PATRICIA BLANCHARD

I remember that one fall when I was four or five my father went to a Legion convention in Florida. While he was gone my mother thought it would be a good time to learn to drive the family chariot. She enlisted the aid of a helpful neighbor and was almost ready for her test when it happened. The car wouldn't start. Mother opened the door and clambered out to help her instructor push it down the slight slope of the driveway. They had moved it about five feet when the open door caught in a limb of a nearby cherry tree. An axe had to be brought into use before the car was freed.

When Dad returned and demanded to know the news, my tactful brother whispered to my mother, "Can I tell Dad you learned to drive the car"? Mother said yes, so Ted told his big news. Not to be out-done by my older brother and yet not old enough to possess as much tact as he, I blurted out, "Can I tell him you hit the tree?" Needless to say chaos reigned until satisfactory explanations were made.

MARION WILSON

The incident that first comes back to me when I think of Abington High School is the day I set my foot on its sturdy foundation.

My remembered homeroom was to be with Mr. Morse in Room 13. Everything went quite smoothly (thanks to Sheila McKeown) until the ten minute recess rolled around. I was so filled with new enthusiasm, that I started to walk in a door which I thought was Mr. Morse's front door; when I mistook it for the next door to the right, the boys' "lav."

JOANNE PURCELL

I remember the good old days when school was just a pause between 9 o'clock and 3 o'clock. Then the day would begin! We would race merrily for the Hanover Congregational Church near-by. Slowly, quietly we would sneak in through the back door, and then scramble for hours, through the dark, gloomy "secret" passages, coming at last, to the clock steeple where we would wait, with our ears plugged, for our teeth to be rattled by the bell, as it struck the hour.

When we had finally been detected, I remember our mad rush to beat the minister to the back door!

ROBERT McCUE

I remember when I was the age of four, my father owned a Buick (1933). Feeling my oats at this ripe age, I thought it was time for me to drive. I climbed into the seat behind the wheel, pulled out the various gadgets I had seen my father pull out, and proceeded to start the car. With a roar the car started toward the garage. Smash! I hit the door with a bang. I had found out how to start the car, but not how to stop it.

This was a memorable occasion because I received a tanning to strengthen my memory.

ROBERT SPRATT

I remember going to all the football games in the buses. The games were good, but the best part was the journey. The spirit of comradeship prevailed, as we sang and laughed away the miles. We were all hoping for our team to win, and friends and enemies cheered together.

I remember the driving course on Legion Parkway. There were about twenty cars going round and round. People say that children are unpredictable. How right they are! Besides driving your own car, you had to watch nineteen others. But I was lucky, I only got banged twice.

JEAN PARSONS



SENIOR CLASS

**President, William Kiely; Vice-President, John Spillane, Secretary, Jean Parsons;
Treasurer, Joanne Purcell**



JUNIOR CLASS

**President, Edward Donnelly; Vice-President, Harvey Mason; Secretary, Ronald
Holgerson; Treasurer, Thomas Strange**

*Lots of Luck
Ed Donnelly*



Best of luck to a sweet underclassman.

SOPHOMORE CLASS

President, Paula McKeown; Secretary-Treasurer, Richard Sanderson

Best of luck



*To a good
safety Patrol.
Dave*

FRESHMAN CLASS

President, Richard Berry; Vice-President, David Owen; Secretary, Martha Crane;
Treasurer, Claire Devlin

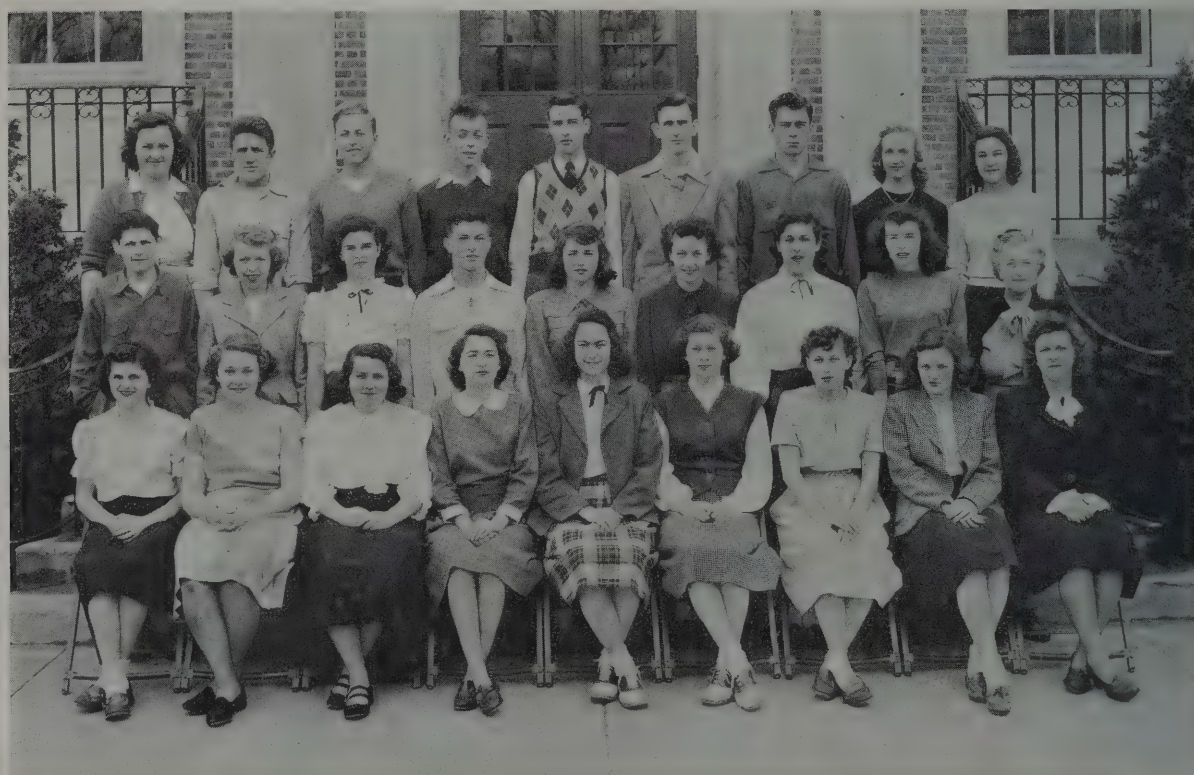


GRADE EIGHT ROOM 17

President, Michael Sanna; Vice-President, Robert Peterson; Secretary, Gertrude Spillane; Treasurer, Joanne Reynolds

GRADE EIGHT ROOM 11

President, Richard Devlin; Vice-President, Norma Howard; Secretary, Janet Hultman; Treasurer, Danny Lynch



DRAMATIC CLUB

President, Marion Wilson; Vice-President, Joan Warner; Secretary, Sally Sanderson; Treasurer, Edna Calderara



HONOR SOCIETY

President, David Stockbridge; Vice-President, Joan Doherty; Secretary-Treasurer, Nancy Atwood



STUDENT COUNCIL

President, William Kiely; Vice-President, Sally Sanderson; Secretary-Treasurer, David Stockbridge

**GLEE CLUB**

Best Wishes Bernice M. Gove

President, Marylou Devlin; Vice-President, Sheila McKeown; Secretary-Treasurer, Jean Parsons

**ART CLUB**

President, Pauline Wallent; Vice-President, Nancy Winsor; Secretary, Martha Crane; Treasurer, Natalie Burrill

Dorothy Wallace



BAND

President, Joan Warner; Vice-President, James Sabin; Secretary-Treasurer, Edna Calderara



SCIENCE CLUB

President, Harvey Mason; Vice-President, George Robertson; Secretary, Barbara Moriarty; Treasurer, Bridget Rumka

*In memory of our
wonderful algebra-
class Betty*



DEBATING CLUB

President, Betty Rich; Vice-President, Maud DeCosta; Secretary, Hermine Fliege;
Treasurer, Richard Hathaway



CHEERLEADERS

Left to right — Marylou Devlin, Cherine Whiting, Cynthia Sylvester, Joanne Purcell,
Jacquelyn MacKenzie, Patricia Thompson, Joan Peterson

Came. Hermine "B" "



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM CO-CAPTAINS

Sally Sanderson, Marylou Devlin; **Manager**, Jean Parsons



FOOTBALL TEAM

Tri-Captains: Chester Mackey, Fred Hatch, and Robert Spratt



BOYS' BASEBALL

(continued from page 14)

I would like to change with Bobby Feller of the Cleveland Indians. He is well known all over the country and makes a net profit of \$80,000 for a year's pitching.

DAVID ANDERSON

If I could change places with anyone I would change with a model. The work is strenuous, but I should love to wear new clothes every single day of the year. I would go to a smart and chic modeling school in New York for three months. The school would then place me as a model for a large concern such as Berdoff Goodman, Fox's, or Lord and Taylor's. My daily routine would be: Get up at ten and have breakfast at my hotel and then go to work for a few hours. In these rich concerns, one can earn about ten dollars an hour. Usually in the afternoon, I would do something for myself.

SHEILA McKEOWN

I would like to be in General Douglas MacArthur's shoes. To be at the head of a large occupational force, to live in a strange country and to have the job of reforming the Japanese government would be a worthwhile and exciting experience.

JEANNE GRAHAM

I should like to change with an air-line hostess. It would be exciting to be in the air and it would be nice meeting the different people who ride on planes.

MARION SLINGER

If I could change with anyone I would like to take the place of myself during the next ten years. When the year was up I could adjust my life according to what I had seen.

JAMES SULLIVAN



VALKYRIE'S WARNING

In the old sailors' tavern when the lamps burn low
 And the figures dimly seen in the yellow glow
 Relax and watch the erie shadows writhe to and fro,
 And listen as the wail of a cold, driving, gale mounts to
 the shriek of a northerly blow,
 Then the shadows seem to know that now is the time
 when the tales begin to flow:
 Old tales, bold tales,
 Manifold untold tales.
 Shall we listen, too? The night is cold,
 The fire burns bright—Hark! The tale is told.

On a sapphire sea, 'neath an indigo sky,
 The ship VALKYRIE 'fore the balmy trades did ply;
 With her sails fast sleeping and her gaunt hull weeping
 The red, red, rust; the blood-red rust
 That oozed and caked in a scarlet crust,
 And seemed tainted the sea, as though the ship herself bled
 The very crimson that upon her decks had so oft been shed.
 The pirate ship VALKYRIE wept the blood of the dead!

She was chasing the sun, this ship of yore,—
 A four and twenty weeks' run from a foreign shore;
 Her cargo was booty, her quest was even more.
 Her turbaned crew swung in the rigging, like hawks
 that soar

In search of prey, talons glinting, eyes glaring,
 So swung half-a-hundred pirates, eyes squinting,
 knives blazing

On the setting sun, like the gold and jewels for which they vied,
 And which flooded the hold in an inundating tide
 Of precious gems, and precious golden dust,
 Flecked here and there with the red, red, rust,
 Ever breathing a mute curse upon the pirates' wild lust.

POEMS

REBIRTH

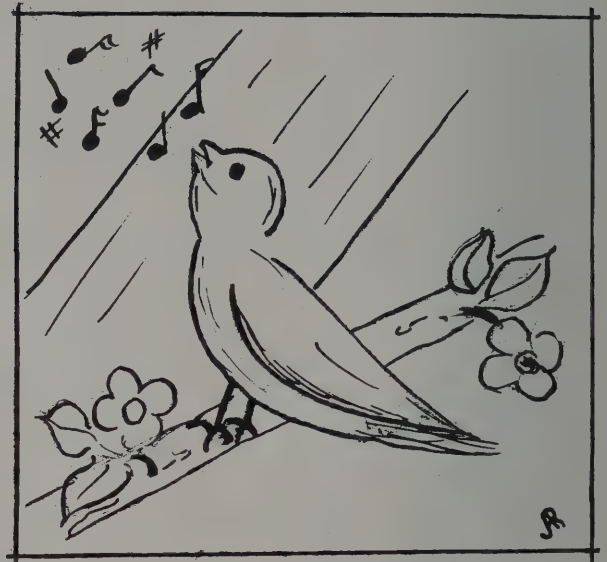
At the death of one we've cherished
Throughout the happy years
Sadness fills our aching hearts;
Our eyes are engulfed with tears.

It's hard to believe that the merry laugh
We heard but an hour before
Is now replaced by a stillness, deep
And silent forever more.

But we who believe in a heavenly realm
Where the Father Almighty reigns
Cannot but think of the perfect peace
That banishes all life's pains.

The grave is truly not the end
For those who hold the key.
For "death is only being born
Into eternity."

JOAN DOHERTY, '49



FIGARO

Figaro was our lovely cat;
In his chair he often sat.
Black and white his soft fur was
With snowy white on breast and paws.
Off his chair he suddenly jumped
And landed with a terrible thump!
Ker-plunk!
He landed on a troublesome mouse,
Which he chased all through the house.

LYNDALL GENTILE, '52

TEMPER

When I have lost my temper
I have lost my reason too.
I'm never proud of anything
Which angrily I do.
In anger I have never done
A kindly deed or wise.
But many things for which I
Felt I should apologize.
I have learned by sad experience
That when my temper flies
I never do a worthy thing,
A decent deed, or wise.

MARY SMITH, '50

SPRING

Isn't it wonderful!
Spring, I mean
With everything
So fresh and clean.

The white houses
Stand out again
Except—when hidden by
Torrents of rain.

The hyacinths and crocus'
Are beginning to bloom.
Summer will be
With us soon.

MARGARET HOWE, '51

A LOST COMPANION

Walking alone in the morning
While the world is still asleep,
I wish for a lone companion,
As I bow my head and weep.

Not long ago I was happy;
I wished not for one thing more;
But in the midst of my glory
Death rapped upon my door.

It took away my future;
It drained my every hope,
I lost my true companion
When someone killed my goat!

IRENE REARDON, '50

EVERLASTING

Blue and somber shadows,
Small gems of feather snow,
Cold, calm, and majestic,
Oh, winter, must you go?

A silver sheen of softness
Billowing from the sky
Stars swirling and descending—
Cold winter soon must die.

Long lost naked roofs appear
And laden boughs unbend
A river rushes through the woods
Where once a brook did wend.

The leaves replace the barren branch
And green replaces white;
The songs of frogs replace the calm,
Cold stillness of the night.

The wind that wrenched the rugged pine
Has softened to a breeze
The princess pine has turned to brown
And flowers dot the leaves.

But soon spring yields to summer
And summer yields to fall,
And then, the winter comes again
Just think! God made them all.

MARYLOU DEVLIN, '48

FAREWELL

At heart we feel a little sad,
For now the time has come
To bid farewell to many friends
And comrades we have won.

From freshmen to their senior year,
They've helped our school to be
A place where friends together work
In faith and loyalty.

In fall when football games were held,
The boys played hard and long;
The girls stood by and loudly cheered,
Then sang a loyal song.

Not all their time was spent in sports,
For marks were very high:
They studied hard to make the grade
And worked without a sigh.

Each day they helped us, as they could,
With thought and honest deed:
They gave us friendship, joy, and cheer,
While forward they did lead.

They'll leave us soon and far they'll go.
The time is drawing nigh.
With saddened hearts, but cheerful words
To them we say good-bye.

BARBARA MORIARTY, '49

SCHOOL DAY BLUES

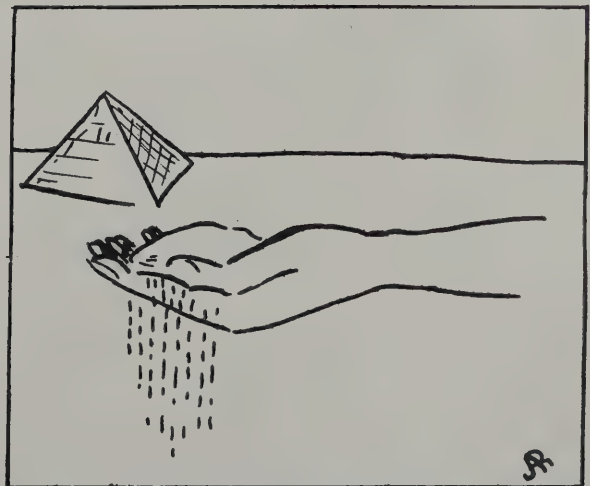
The sun came up and shone over the hill
Across the fields and onto the sill;
The old alarm clock sent forth a sharp ring
And all the small birds then started to sing.
From a bedroom there came a deep moan
From a hardy young lad who had slept like a stone.
The clanging of pans then announced the arrival
Of an old grey-haired lady named Mrs. McNival,
While eating his breakfast our hero reclined
Then looked at the clock and took it to mind,
He gulped down his breakfast and ran out the door,
Sped past the grocers, and then Owen's store;
He arrived at the high school at twenty past eight
And received a half-hour for being so late.
How he had taken so long was a mystery,
But that was forgotten as he entered history,
But the time two o'clock had begun to roll 'round
Our hero was with five hours bound.
Detention dismissed, he's at home to stay
Only to repeat the same routine the following day.

PETER CHASE, '51

REFLECTIONS ON SAND

Have you ever stood on desert sands
And dreamt of winter snow,
And had the grains slide through your
hands
And drop to earth below;
Or wondered why that sand and snow
Did seem to live but never grow?
Don't question nature on things that pass,
Lest sand should melt and snow turn to
glass.

WILLIAM CROOK, '51



SCHOOL NEWS

BOSTON GLOBE EDITORS' PARTY

On March 18, Valeria Nabers and Joan Reardon represented the science classes and the Abhis staff of Abington High School at another in a series of parties sponsored by the Boston Globe for the Boston Globe High School Editors' Club.

At the Hotel Sheraton in Boston the students were ushered into a large room partly filled with excited students and teachers. The room was set up in banquet fashion and a small platform was situated at one end with necessary tables and chairs and a microphone. Soon the room was filled to capacity, and John I. Taylor, in charge of the meeting, made several announcements pertaining to the Editors' Club. The three awards for the best report of the meeting are to be: first, a summer job with the Boston Globe; second and third, fifty dollars worth of science equipment for the winner's science department in his school.

Mr. Taylor went on to say that because of difficulties in Europe, the Fellowship Award given by the Boston Globe, is going to be divided between present college students and a high school senior going on to a liberal arts college. This award will amount to \$5000 and any senior may try for it.

With an apologetic gesture, Mr. Taylor continued with the statement that Mr. Lilienthal was not to speak. Before the editors' meeting he spoke to the Boston Chamber of Commerce, but because of a very serious cold, a serious case of laryngitis, his physician limited his time to one lecture. It was too late to call off this meeting; therefore, Mr. Taylor appealed to Mr. Conant, president of Harvard University, who was present at the meeting with Mr. Lilienthal. Mr. Conant apologetically refused and gave the names of three persons who were available. Dr. Fletcher Watson, his associate and assistant at Harvard, accepted the invitation and agreed to speak to the group. Dr. Watson had only an hour and a half in which to prepare his talk.

Mr. Taylor said Mr. Lilienthal was very sorry and hoped he would be able to meet the Boston youth at some future meeting. He sent over a "Selected Bibliography on Atomic Energy" for the library of each school represented. There are also four 35 mm. film strips on the atomic bomb which any school may borrow.

While waiting for the speaker to arrive, the luncheon was served. Mr. Taylor made another announcement. Because of lack of funds the National Committee of Atomic Information is being disbanded. Any de-

sired information on atomic energy and the bomb may be obtained at cost.

During the war Dr. Watson was in the Navy. He said he was very much surprised when he heard of the atomic bomb and the attack on Hiroshima.

Dr. Watson's topic was "1975". He started by asking these questions: What kind of a world shall we have? Who will run it? What will atomic energy have to do with it? In order to give as complete a background as possible he enumerated in chronological order various discoveries leading to the atomic bomb, beginning with Madame Curie's isolation of radium and polonium in which experiment she was unable to stop these radio-active elements from breaking up. He also disclosed the little known fact that of the four deposits of pitchblende, from which uranium is obtained, a fair-sized field is located in Czecho-slovakia. Dr. Watson constantly emphasized the fact that these discoveries were made by men from all over the world; German, Polish, French, English, Danish, American; no one man or country found atomic energy. It was through the cooperation and hard work of many men whose only wish, while working on this expansive project, was that they would fail, and prove themselves wrong. They realized what they were doing and how destructive it would be. The basic idea of the amount of destruction possible was centered on Einstein's theory of energy equaling the product of mass and a constant squared, i. e. the velocity of light being nine times ten raised to the twentieth power. For the layman he gave an example of the theoretical results when men try to transfer the mass or matter into energy. One pound of matter equals ten billion horsepower or the electrical output in the United States for a period of three weeks.

Dr. Watson proceeded to point out the present and future use of atomic energy. The largest and most extensive use is in the treatment of cancer and goiter and in metabolism research. Boston is, at present, the biggest center for this work and is receiving the largest supplies of radio-active elements.

He concluded his talk by stating that there are two ways in which we can take to heart this atomic energy. "We got it, ain't it awful?" or we can make plans for research and carry them out. Science has provided the material, can we use it? No matter which attitude we take, the world will be different as a result.

At the end of an enthusiastic applause, a

question period followed. One of the questions concerned Dr. Watson's opinion of outlawing the atomic bomb. He answered, "Leave us not be naive." When the questioner pointed out the success of the gas outlaw after World War One, he answered that it was achieved only by the fear of a worse one's being in the possession of the enemy.

Dr. Watson was enjoyed by all and the disappointment of Mr. Lilienthal's inability to attend was soon recessive in the mind.

JOAN REARDON, '48

TUFTS COLLEGE CHORAL CLINIC

On Saturday, April 10, five representatives from the Girls' Glee Club had the unique pleasure of attending the Choral Clinic at Tufts College, Medford. This clinic, the first one of what music lovers hope will become an annual affair, was under the general direction of Dr. Thompson Stone, Director of Music at Tufts College, assisted by an excellent staff of musicians. Registration began at 1:00 p.m., immediately following which, the students were divided into groups and led on a tour of the college grounds and buildings, while the instructors met for a panel discussion of vocal problems.

At three o'clock everyone congregated in Goddard Chapel in which the students were seated according to their voice range. Dr. Stone then led the group in a sight-reading session, and gave several interesting pointers on voice technique.

The demonstration period, which was next on the program, proved to be the highlight of the afternoon. Mixed choruses and choirs from Medford, Haverhill, Braintree, Worcester, and Brockton, entertained with their particular type of music; the purpose of this was to enable all who were present to understand the kind of vocal work that is being done in neighboring schools.

As a grand finale to the day, the entire congregation joined in the singing of "The Lost Chord." Imagine, if you can, five hundred voices singing as one, in that beautiful sunlit chapel. One had to witness the performance to realize the full splendor and significance of it.

The delegates from Abington included Fay Burns, Gladys Cobbett, Barbara Moriarty, Marylou Devlin, Edna Calderara, and Miss Bernice Gove, Music Supervisor.

EDNA CALDERARA, '48

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR

April seventh was a red letter day for Abington High, for the school played host to a United States Navy helicopter. Now a helicopter dropping on the football field is

not a common occurrence; therefore, every eye on the east side of the building was turned to watch the gray ship circle the field and come to a smooth landing.

On the field there were a few men who had been working hard to put this field into shape for our next football season. One can imagine that they held their breath and hoped that the helicopter would not come down on a spot where they had just planted grass seed. At first it seemed that the giant grasshopper was going to land right in the middle of the newly planted field. Luckily it did not.



It gave us all a thrill to see that small craft, with a propellor turning horizontally on top and a smaller one turning vertically at the rear, come straight down and land with hardly a bump.

Everyone knows that by the time Mr. Frolio had spread the news over the loud-speaker to pupils and teachers alike and had in effect postponed classes for everyone, we all forgot books and such and headed for the windows and doors. It was a good thing that it was a warm day, for coats were only an after thought. However, coats or no coats, I know that everyone enjoyed the recess.

By this time, Mr. Mason and Mr. Frolio had greeted the pilot and passenger and were talking, while the student body stood on the bank and in the bleachers, just talking and staring.

Was all this really happening in the small town of Abington behind the high school? Were all classes postponed and was everyone staring at an object which appeared to be a helicopter, or was all this just a dream from which someone was to be rudely awakened by some impatient teacher who had forgotten that it was spring? Well, it was all happening and it was no dream.

After the show was over and everyone had waved good-bye to the pilot, it was back to the books, but, not for long, since again the impossible had occurred. An assembly

was called. The speaker was to be the passenger of the helicopter, Commander Edward Folger (A. H. S. class of 1924), who told us of his experiences in both the Arctic and the Antarctic, as a submarine commander, and of blowing up mines in Japanese waters. Commander Folger was very interesting and I know everyone wished he had spoken longer.

The helicopter, which was the "Antarctic Queen" because it had been twice to the South Pole, has blazed the trail for future helicopters which will bring by air to Abington High School many assembly speakers.

ALICE UNGETHUEM, '49

CLASS PLAY A SUCCESS

We the class of 1948 have given to the populace of this town one of the greatest theatrical accomplishments of the era of school plays. "Dear Ruth" which took place on Friday evening, March 19, was a huge success—or so we like to think. The audience liked it and said so.

The auditorium was crowded with people eager to see the young artists perform. Some were anxious parents, hoping that their youngster would not forget his lines. Others were cynics and still others were there as true spectators, ready to applaud. When the curtain rang down on the last scene, a tremendous ovation swelled through the auditorium. The months of diligent preparation had paid off, the class of "48" had come through again.

Needless to say Mrs. Maida Perry Arnold, our director, was very much pleased with her young actors and actresses. She spoke highly of the commendable performances of her proteges.

Edna Calderara and James Tribble had the leads as Ruth Wilkins and Lieutenant William Seawright. Both showed up very well under the pressure of a large audience. Donald Morey and Joanne Purcell, as Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins acted well and provoked a lot of laughs in the right places. The part of Miriam, the mischievous young sister, was taken by Valeria Nabers. That scene of over indulgence will be long remembered by the audience. Albert Kummer, an exceptionally hard part, was handled well by Bob Spratt. Frustrated Albert, the jilted suitor, added that humor which is essential to all successful comedies. Martha Seawright was portrayed by Cynthia Sylvester and Sgt. Chuck Vincent by Bob McCue. Each turned in a good performance as his part in the success of the play. Marion Wilson was a good maid in her part of Dora and Bill Kiely as Harold Klobbarmeyer topped off the play with his final line.

As Shakespeare said, "The play's the thing," and it certainly was on the evening of March 19.

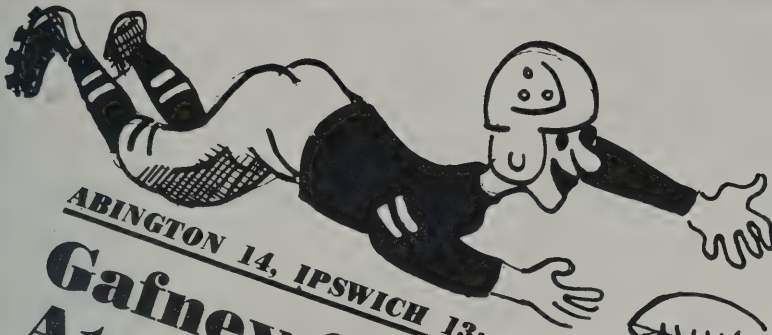
After the play, when the cast was through signing autographs, the seniors went to "Caine's."

JAMES SULLIVAN, '48

Song Titles

David Anderson — Take Me Out to the Ball Park
 Pat Blanchard — When the Red, Red Robin Comes
 Bob, Bob Bobin' Along
 Rita Brown — Just a Gigilo
 George Bussey — Nancy With the Laughing Face
 John Bussey — Pennsylvania Polka
 Philip Caplice — A Good Man is Hard to Find
 Edna Calderara — With a Song in My Heart
 Edith D'Amato — Sonata
 Marylou Devlin — Need I Say More?
 Robert Ellis — Small Fry
 Peter Garden — The Prisoner's Song
 Lois Galbraith — Jack! Jack! Jack!
 Edythe Lincoln — Louisiana Lullaby
 Connie Flynn — The Song of the Rug Man (That's a Mat, son)
 Betty Anne Gowell — Anchors Aweigh
 Jeanne Graham — It Ain't Gonna Rain no Mo!
 Eldredge Gurney — For He's a Jolly Good Fellow
 Bernice Hammarstrom — Sweet and Lovely
 Fred Hatch — The All-American Boy
 Bill Harper — Going My Way
 Bill Kiely — Let's Have a Laugh on Me
 Donald Libby — The Man on the Flying Trapeze
 Pauline Mackie — Mighty Like a Rose
 Bernice MacPhelimy — Pianissimo
 Chet Mackey — Full of Fun and Fancy Free
 Donald Morey — It's a Cyn to Tell a Lie
 Robert Meserve — I Came Here to Talk for Jo
 Bob McCue — She's My Girl
 Sheila McKeown — The Rustle of Spring
 Barbara Steele — I'll Follow My Secret Heart
 Dave Stockbridge — I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now?
 Anne Shea — "Sullery" Stalks at Midnight
 Joan Reardon — Friendship
 Willeta Mosher — You Can Depend on Me
 Marion Slinger — Smilin' Through
 Joan Warner — Buckle Down Winssocki
 Jack Spillane — My Fickle Eye
 Jackie Stevens — Got to Be This or That
 Shirley Wheaton — Softly as in a Morning Sunrise
 Robert Spratt — What's New?
 Nancy Skinner — You'd Be Surprised
 Joe Skinner — In My Merry Oldsmobile
 Marion Wilson — Ebony Rhapsody
 Fat Thompson — That's a Good One
 Jim Sullivan — I Still Get Jealous
 Betty Parks — Whispering
 John Murray — Long John Silver
 Jean Parsons — You're the Tops
 Cynthia Sylvester — "Hal" "Hal" the Gang's All Here
 Paul Pattison — Cool, Clear Water
 Joan Purcell — What Are You Doing New Year's?
 Jim Tribble — How Can I Ever Be Alone?
 Betty Pratt — Give Yourself a Pat on the Back
 Jane Leventuk — Artistry Jumps
 Valeria Nabers — Poor Miriam
 Ted Pearson — I Dream of Jeanie
 Dickie Whiting — A Smile Will Go a Long, Long Way
 Bob Ball — I Only Want a Buddy Not a Sweetheart

MARYLOU DEVLIN, '48



ABINGTON 14, IPSWICH 13:

Gafney Survives Attack of Jitters

Tribble's Tootsie Tumbles Ipswich
But Stolen Pass Causes Palpitation

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Stoughton 6:**

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**Morey Paces
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ABINGTON 13, ROCKLAND 0:

Bob's Pass-Snatching Ability
Makes Gafney, Wave Happy

**Abington Zips
Over Whitman**

Abington Nabs
Choicest Spot

Gafney Is Working On Two-Fold Attack

ABINGTON ROUNDUP

**WELL-STOCKED WAVE
HAS PUNCH, PITCHING**

ABINGTON 20, BRIDGEWATER 13:

ABINGTON TOPS

HINGHAM, 35-30

SPORTS



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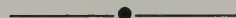
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The ABHIS

2 years left
love
forever '51

So the girl
who keeps quiet
in home room. Love
Audrey

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Stanley Stevens
or
"Yelnats Snevents"

Lots of Luck
"Murphy"

Jack Peckham '51"
"Kear Mahkeep"
Lloyd McLean

"To a swell kid
Harriet '51:"

To a fellow
Latinist
Richard
Hudaway

Jack
Donus
To a little Breakman
some and kisses
John '50'

To the best looking
girl in the Freshman
Class
"Mal"

Margery S. Bailey

To a wonderful
gal 9-10-11
largest
love
you

To my best girl
Dick May

Henry Veters
'51'

"Roger Bolinder" =

Richard Meserve
'51'

Ann patches years
"John Johnson"

Roses are red
Violets are blue
Sugar is sweet
and so are you
"Cracker" Donovan
'51'

Max
'51'

Jack Wheeler
John Sampson
a friend indeed
'510'

Bob. Mattson

Best of Luck
Joan "51"

To the sweetest
kid I know
Margie

Marilyn Greenlaw

To the kid who tells what I want
to know.

Love
Reg "51"

The kid I tell
all my trouble to
Love Betty

Box of Everything
attached (When you was a model
character).
I read you can sign
like these too!

Joan

To a swell kid:
Loads of Love
Matthias

To a fellow
Sanctuary Builder
Joan Doherty

To the best ever,
Katherine Edson

To Kate
Loads of Luck
to a swell kid
Winnie
51

To a swell jockey
Morie Sullivan

To a fat rock
the know how
lection to
"Barb" 51
Joan

To a swell Freshman
Charles F. Taylor

Dennis M. Hall

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of luck
"Wig"

Lots of Luck To
a swell
Gal
"Sus"



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